*Mar. 1. 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

The FIRST *motor car with an* Airplane-Type Engine

A revolutionary engine which has flown the skies and delivers the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automobile powerplants

THE pioneer of 1902 again becomes the pioneer of 1930! With the introduction of the airplane-type engine in a motor car, Franklin unfolds a new era in automobile design.

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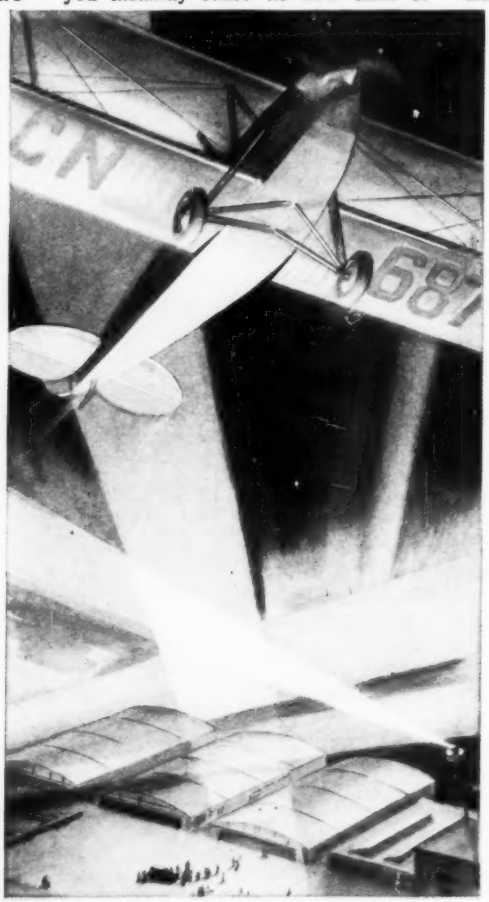
A distinct achievement for air-cooling engineering, the 1930 Franklin engine produces the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive powerplants.

Here is usable, quiet—yet surging power which remains at the peak throughout the longest, fastest runs and hardest hill climbs. In road record after road record this 1930 Franklin has dramatically and emphatically demonstrated its superiority over all other motor cars.

It traveled from New York to Los Angeles in 69 hours, 31 minutes—a new all-time record.

This remarkable new air-cooled engine has sensationally flown in the air. Tests in a Waco plane have shown that the Franklin engine is air-worthy, sturdy, powerful and fast. Not only does it follow airplane engine design, but it actually produces *airplane performance.*

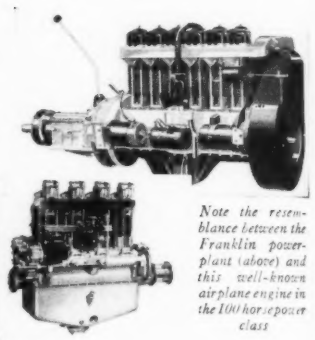
When you drive the 1930 Franklin you instantly sense its new kind of power—you know a different type of engine is propelling the car. Sixty, seventy, eighty—as smoothly, quietly and comfortably as though wings were carrying you to new adventures.



Airplane tests prove the Franklin engine air-worthy

And to make this astonishing performance most effective under all conditions of driving, Franklin gives you a choice of four-speed or three-speed transmissions—both with quiet intermediate gear.

The 1930 Franklin presents body designs which are just as smart as the performance of the airplane-type engine is modern.



Note the resemblance between the Franklin powerplant (above) and this well-known airplane engine in the 1000 horsepower class

Brilliant beauty!

For the first time you see embossed paneling, concealed running boards, low hung doors, slender gracefully arched hood with belled horizontal louvres. Appealing lines. Distinguished smartness.

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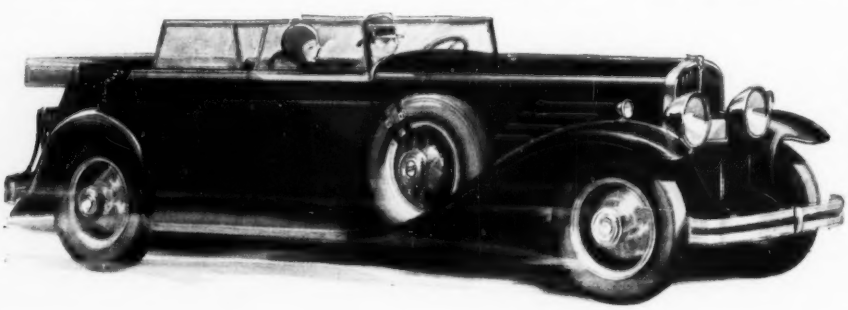
See this brilliant car—carefully examine its engine—compare it with airplane engines and *other motor car powerplants.*

And be sure you know the thrill of driving behind an airplane-type engine. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.



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For Youth

It is fitted, slightly flared, belted at the normal waist, tied in a swagger manner to the side, adorned with picturesque capes and trimmed with flattering furs worn away from the face to form an attractive youthful frame.

SKETCHED:

kashmir with silver fox . $225

cape coat of lightweight kashmir with white fox dyed grey $195

fine wool crepe with white fox dyed blue . . . $110

MISSES' COATS—THIRD FLOOR

A Fashio a
th a
Fashionab a

A fashion magazine portrays the life of fashionable people in St. Moritz, in Palm Beach, at a royal wedding in Rome. Wherever people of consequence are gatherin their activities and their costumes are of interest to the rest of the sm world that reads Harper's Bazaar.

A fashion magazine discusses cosmetics, because they are a lease upon beauty and you "This Ageless Era" is the title of a comprehensive account of beauty salo and beauty products. New coiffures are drawn in colour by Charles Mart

A fashion magazine considers costumes, their accessories—and their occasions. Each costu shown is selected by discriminating fashion editors as typical of the mod And because of the fashion importance of jewels and gloves and bags a belts, accessories are given individual attention.

A fashion magazine has fiction, because to be fashionable, one must not be literal, or sing minded. Each issue has short stories, by authors whose names you kno about people of the sort you know.

Where is this F able

HARPER'S BAZAAR—for March yo

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 2, March 1, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

XUM

iMagazine
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abMagazine

A fashion magazine has serious serials, because the work of the foremost novelists can entertain a smart audience with a pre-view. W. Somerset Maugham's newest novel, "Cakes and Ale," satirizing literary celebrities, has just begun. Richard Le Gallienne's "There Was a Ship" is just finishing.

A fashion magazine portrays backgrounds. Homes are part of the social scene—Harper's Bazaar shows significant homes of significant people—and the new ideas of decorators who appeal to them.

A fashion magazine may satirize society. Fish does it, in her sketches of newly-fashionable economies, called "The Once Rich." John Held, Jr. does it—in words, if you please—a southern "line" called "Till the James Runs Dry."

A fashion magazine is beautiful. Because fashion is closely related to art, a fashion magazine is artistic in all its aspects. The foremost fashion artists, and the foremost illustrators, portray its fashions and illustrate its fiction.

is Fable Fashion Magazine?

ch your mail or on your news-stand—now

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—A well-built and well-acted little comedy about a boy whose life was governed by posthumous correspondence from his doting mother, with resulting hardships for his young wife. (Bijou, 45, W.)

AT THE BOTTOM—An Americanized version of Gorki's "Lower Depths." Interesting as a *tour de force*. . . . Tchekov's "The Sea Gull" will be played Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, and twice during the week of Mar. 3. (See daily papers for dates.) (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:30 P.M.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard in something for people who like a certain delicacy in their spook plays. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Forrest, 49, W.)

THE BOUNDARY LINE—A real-estate squabble symbolizing the conflict between the Open and the Closed Heart. Otto Kruger, as the husband who longs for the Gypsy Trail, makes it seem better than it is. (48th Street, 48, E.)

BROKEN DISHES—The revolt of the Male made into a stirring upheaval by Donald Meek. (Masque, 45, W.)

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—Fun among the prisoners in Newgate during 1725. Written with skill, and well-acted by Basil Sydney, Mary Ellis, and an excellent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Sea Gull," Tchekov's beautiful play. (Fri. and Mon. Eves., Feb. 28 and Mar. 3.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of Barrie's fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Mar. 1 and 8.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," pleasant comedy by the Brothers Quintero. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 1; Thurs. Mat., Mar. 6; Fri. Eve., Mar. 7.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish. (Tues. Eve., Mar. 4.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoi and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Wed. Eve., Mar. 5.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen revival. (Thurs. Eve., Mar. 6.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 8.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—Last performances of one of the few serious plays of the season to be marked "important." Arthur Byron is superb as a district attorney who is the agent for the unyielding forces of the Law. (National, 41, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 1.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale in a macabre account of what Death might do on his day off. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell sweeping through a melodrama of illicit love and sudden death, and making a tense experience of it. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

EVERYTHING'S JAKE!—Some of the characters out of Don Marquis' "The Old Soak" take a trip to Paris, with one or two comedy scenes which make up for much. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IT'S A GRAND LIFE—Mrs. Fiske in a white wig lending her gracious touch to a comedy of Park Avenue home-troubles which needs it. (Cort, 48, E. Closes Sat., Mar. 1.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. Spencer Tracy heads an all-male cast. (Harris, 42, W.)

METEOR—Alfred Lunt as a superman who keeps the pitcher from the well once too often, with Lynn Fontanne as his wife. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Not exactly a murder, and certainly not a mystery, but a murder mystery in A. A. Milne's best vein. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

REBOUND—Donald Ogden Stewart's comedy about a young lady's difficulty in getting—and keeping—married, with Hope Williams heading a good cast. Very amusing food for thought. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder; and, what is more, you get a seat. (Republic, 42, W.)

THEATRE GUILD REPERTORY—The last performances of the revival of "R. U. R." will be given Fri. and Sat., Feb. 28 and Mar. 1. Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" will be played for the week starting Mon. Eve., Mar. 3. (Liberty, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—The entertaining adventures (from the French) of a hyper-honest school teacher who makes good in business by adopting business methods. Frank Morgan makes a genuine character of the hero. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WATERLOO BRIDGE—Showing what happens when a good-hearted street-walker meets a pure-hearted young man. Accompanied by German bombing of London. June Walker and Glenn Hunter are excellent. (Fulton, 46, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward's pretty "operette" with no harm done to anyone. Evelyn Laye is in it. (Shubert, 44, W.)

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Raw but riotous adventures of our countrymen in Paris, with Cole Porter's score and a cast headed by William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—Good Broadway musical show of a period we all know. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, with a Rodgers-and-Hart score in the hands of Jack Whiting, Barbara Newberry, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

RIPPLES—Fred Stone back again, with both legs and two daughters, in a regulation Fred Stone show. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, popular musical, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Bobby Clark at his funniest (watched by Paul McCullough) in a musical-comedy satire on war which should be part of the country's education. The Gershwin music is an important feature. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—The days of the Spanish-American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

TOP SPEED—Regulation musical comedy, this time with the race between speedboats. Lester Allen and Paul Frawley are in it. (46th Street, 46, W.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Some nice if unexciting British sketches and plenty of good dancing. With Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Sun., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Eves., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

MEI LAN-FANG—The distinguished Chinese actor and company in selections from typical Chinese plays. (49th Street, 49, W. Every Eve. except Sun., 8:50 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

HARALD KREUTZBERG AND YVONNE GEORGI—Farewell recital by these two brilliant modern German dancers. (Mecca Temple, 55, E. Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, 9 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Ted Healy, Jimmie Savo, and Fred Keating are at the Palace Fri., Feb. 28. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

FLYING HIGH—George White's new musical show, score by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, with Oscar Shaw and Bert Lahr. Opens Mon., Mar. 3. (Apollo, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE SERENADE—Another Victor Herbert revival. Opens Mon., Mar. 3. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE APPLE CART—The Theatre Guild's production of George Bernard Shaw's new play. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A play by Marc Connelly, with an all-negro cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE—A revue by Nat N. Dorfman and Lew Leslie, music and lyrics by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, with Gertrude Lawrence, Florence Moore, Harry Richman, and Moss and Fontana. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music, with dances by Tina Meller, and Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Songs by Beatrice Lillie and dances by Moss and Fontana. What more could you want? Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Larry Siry's orchestra and dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where

(Continued on page 6)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 8]

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43TH STREET
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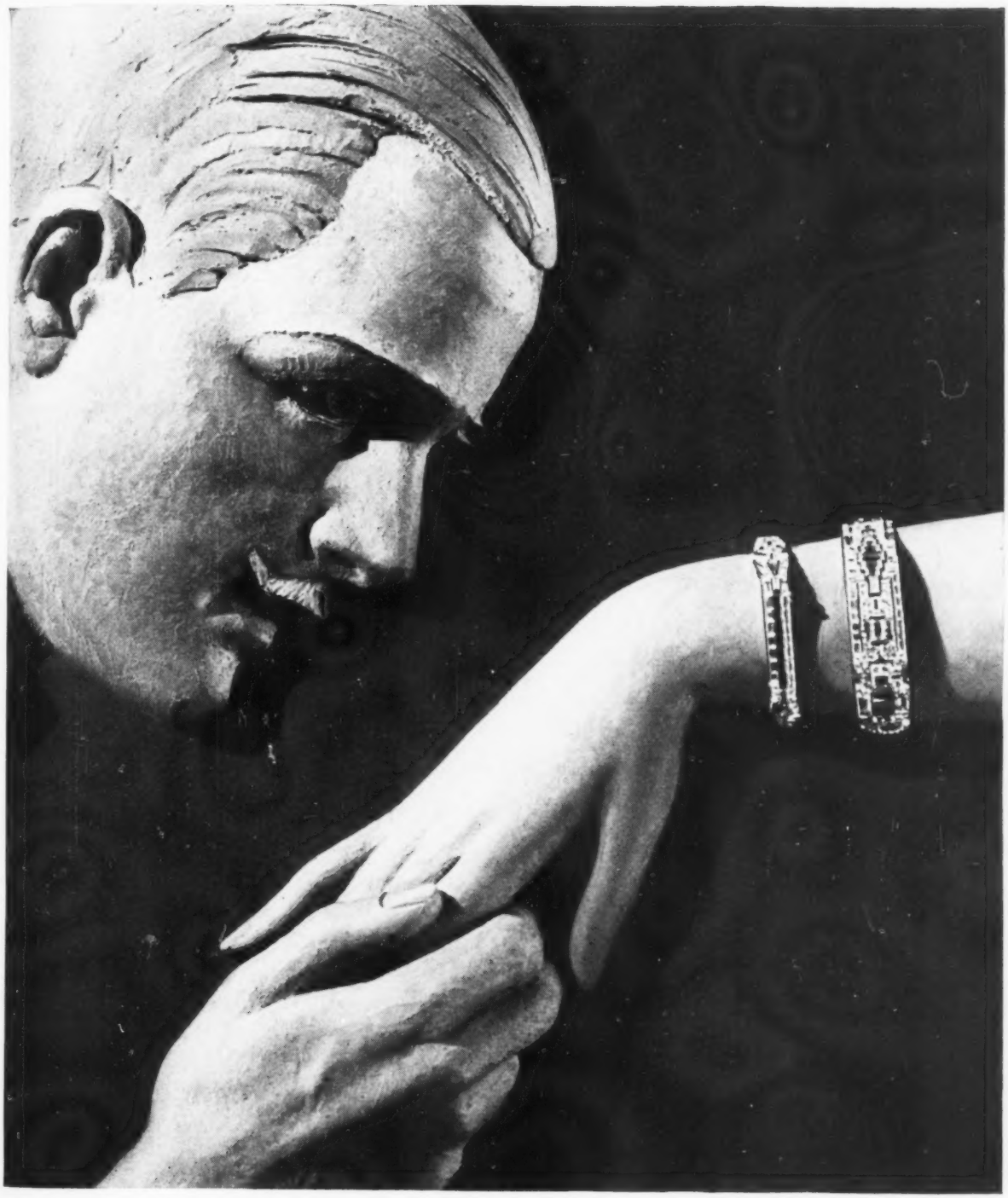

Two enchanting pieces from the Udall and Ballou collection of bracelets. The one . . . exquisitely modern with a severe simplicity that comports with its baguette diamonds, $9,500. The other . . . rubies, baguette and round diamonds, $5,200.

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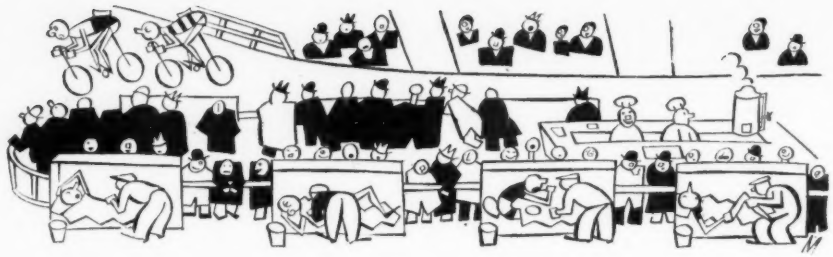
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



(Continued from page 4)

you will find Harry Richman, Ann Pennington, and Norma Terriss.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), featuring Fred Keating, Alice Boulden, and Freedman's orchestra.* . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough and elaborate revue. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, is a new one, with June Day. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Paxton, the mental wizard. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is an amusing place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE GREEN GODDESS—Mr. Arliss as a very polite and very ruthless rajah in a screen version of his stage success. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—A comedy with music and Chevalier, and altogether very pleasant. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—Some nice bits of singing and dancing, with one of those usual backstage stories. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Ba[illegible] gypsies, and Lawrence Tibbett, in a [illegible] operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and [illegible] P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at [illegible] P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Stud poker and a shooting in a Broadway hotel, with William Powell as a cool-headed big-time gambler. (Rialto, B'way at 42; performance continuous from 9 A.M.)

THE VAGABOND KING—Dennis King's voice and some good sets in color are the best things in this musical show. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events, without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Bishop Murder Case," the Van Dine mystery of murder and nursery rhymes very well handled; "Devil May Care," Ramon Novarro in a romance of Napoleon's day; "Happy Days," a big crowd of celebrities in a fair minstrel show; "Men Without Women," interesting story of men trapped in a submarine at the bottom of the sea; "Not So Dumb," Marion Davies as that troublemaking little hostess, Dulcy; "Roadhouse Nights," Helen Morgan, Jimmie Durante, and Charles Ruggles in a story of rum-runners and roadhouses by Ben Hecht; "Sally," some charming moments with Marilyn Miller.

ART

BEGINNERS—The young men and women who want to paint, as chosen by Alfred Stieglitz: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH—Last three days of the current show at the Museum of Modern Art. "Painting in Paris," a display of the best moderns that you'll regret missing: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M., through Sun., Mar. 2.

DAVIES—Memorial exhibition of the works of Arthur B. Davies: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P. M.; Sat. until 10:45 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—A group of fine new canvases by the artists that this house deals in. A thrilling show: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

ILLUSTRATION—Annual show of the Society of Illustrators. Delmonico's, Park at 59. Open daily 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

INDEPENDENTS—Fourteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.; starting Sat., Mar. 1.

KNATHS—Comprehensive collection of one of the better young men: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

LIVING ART—Permanent exhibition of twentieth-century Americans and Europeans: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—A new and thrilling phase of one of our great individualists: Stieglitz' American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Another chance to hear some impeccable fiddling. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 1.

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Return of an exceptionally gifted young pianist. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 1.

MARIAN ANDERSON—One of the most remarkable contralto voices you'll ever hear. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 2.

LEA LUBOSHUTZ—A distinguished lady of the violin. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Mar. 2.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Much pleasant keyboard activity. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 3.

WALTER DAMROSCH—In one of his inimitable lecture recitals. Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Mar. 4.

JOHN GOSS—A fine song interpreter from England. Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 5.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Benefit recital by this singular and absorbing guitarist. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 6.

EDWIN AND JEWEL BETHANY HUGHES—Suave harmonies from two pianos. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:45; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Mar. 2; Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 7, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 8, at 11.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 1 and 8, at 8. (No admission charge.)

INTER-PREPARATORY GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:15.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Mar. 4.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 6; Sat. Aft., Mar. 8, at 2:30.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8:15.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Sadko," Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, at 8; "Louise," Sat. Aft., Mar. 1, at 2; "The Barber of Seville," Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 2, at 8:30; "Tales of Hoffmann," Mon. Eve., Mar. 3, at 8:30; "La Bohème," Tues. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8; "Tristan und Isolde," Wed. Eve., Mar. 5, at 8; "La Gioconda," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 6, at 8; "Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Mar. 7, at 1.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 8]

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Feb. 28 and Mar. 7, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Mar. 1 and 8, at 9, over WEAF.

BOXING—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, at 9:30, over WMCA.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 2, at 3, over WOR. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Mar. 8, at 11, over WOR.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Distinguished Spanish guitarist, with the Atwater Kent Quartette: Sun. Eve., Mar. 2, at 9:15, over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—"Rigoletto:" Thurs. Eve., Mar. 6, at 11, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Ted Sandwina vs. Ricardo Bertazzolo, Fri. Eve., Feb. 28; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Mar 1: Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. N.Y.A.C., at 8:30; Squadron A vs. Optimists, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Mar. 8: Class D elimination finals, at 7:30; Class C elimination finals, at 8:30; Optimists vs. Brooklyn Riding and Driving, at 9:30.

INDOOR TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. meet: 102nd Engineers Armory, B'way at 168, Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden: Preliminary sprints, Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 9; the six-day race starts Sun. Eve., Mar. 2, at 9, and continues through Sat. Eve., Mar. 8.

INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES EXPOSITION—Antique furniture and objets d'art from all parts of the world: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Opens Mon. Eve., Mar. 3, at 8; daily thereafter, 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 8.

PUBLIC BALLS—The Newspaper Club Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, at 10. . . . New Masses Spring Costume Ball, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Mar. 7, at 10.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Furniture, Oriental rugs, and decorations, from the country estate of Peter W. Rouss; and antique Italian furniture, hangings, and fabrics, from Count Piero Venezze's collection: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 28 and Mar. 1, at 2:15. . . . Eighteenth and nineteenth-century English and American furniture: Fri. Aft., Mar. 7, at 2:15. . . . Chinese cloisonné, lacquer, bronzes, porcelains, and pottery: Sat. Aft., Mar. 8, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

FLOWER SHOW—Grand Central Palace, Mar. 17-22. . . . The Landscape Architects show will open Mar. 17 at the Arden Gallery.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden: Mar. 9, 11, and 13. Professional championship play starts about Mar. 15.

INDOOR POLO—Play for National Indoor, Intercollegiate, and Open Championships begins at Squadron A Armory about Mar. 22.

MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Toscanini conducting until close of season, Apr. 20. . . . Conductorless Symphony, Mar. 28. . . . Important recitals: Josef Hofmann, Mar. 15; Albert Spalding, Mar. 18; Mischa Levitzki, Mar. 22. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

RACING—United Hunts Racing Association, Aqueduct, Apr. 17 and 19.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Love, Honor, and Betray," a play from the French, with Alice Brady: Eltinge, Mar. 10. . . . "A Month in the Country," the Theatre Guild's production of Turgenev's play, with Alla Nazimova: Guild, Mar. 17. . . . "The Matriarch," a play by G. B. Stern and Frank Vernon, with Constance Collier: about Mar. 17.

TRACK—K. of C. meet, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 12.

OTHER DATES—1929 Income-tax returns are due Mar. 15. . . . U. S. Census will be taken Apr. 1-15. . . . Circus, Madison Square Garden, Apr. 5-26. . . . Easter Sunday is Apr. 20.

FEMININITY IN THE ACTIVE MOOD

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Peck & Peck

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DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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THE NEW DEBUTANTE SHOP—THIRD FLOOR

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NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE hope that Mr. Whalen returns from Florida sufficiently invigorated to take up immediately two matters which await his attention. One is the licensing of the low-rate cabs. The other is his edict, as yet unenforced, that all drivers shall wear linen dusters, plus an exceedingly important addition and amend-

ment which we have to offer. We shall take up these two matters in the order mentioned—although we've forgotten already which order we mentioned them in.

First, the linen dusters. We are behind Whalen in this. It is a fine Fascist idea and our only complaint is that the Commissioner hasn't gone far enough with it. Linen dusters would not only bring taxi-drivers into line, they would bring pedestrians into line, and we hereby submit our plan, called "The Linen Duster Plan," for general traffic regulation. The idea is to have every person wear a linen duster, the color of which would indicate where he is going. People taking the subway uptown, for instance, would wear pink linen dusters, as distinguished from downtown passengers, who would wear blue. At Grand Central and Times Square people wearing the same color dusters would band together, shove together, and perhaps arrive some place together. In the evening theatregoers could be distinguished from people who are just milling around by the color of their dusters, which for theatregoers would be pale mauve. We have it all figured out. If you should change your mind *en route* anywhere you simply turn your linen duster inside out and go ahead. Ladies shopping in Thirty-fourth Street would wear purple, and be handled in bales.

Next, the small-taxi franchise. The present condition of the streets makes long-nosed, elegant cabs a menace and an annoyance. Four small cabs are better than three big ones, occupying no more space, handling more fares, scurrying to more places, turning sharper, parking easier. It is wasteful and showy for one passenger to be riding around in a large, six-cylinder car with a long wheelbase. The ideal cab is the London cab, which has a dinky little hood, no speed, and a fairly commodious seating space with headroom. Swank is the most troublesome aspect of New York's taxi situation, and the sooner we smash up all the elegant, fast, big taxis, the better.

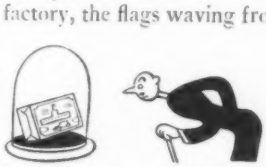
WE are glad to see that Ramsay MacDonald's son, Alistair, feels the same way we do about skyscrapers.

As an architect, he knows what he is talking about. He calls a skyscraper a delightful and fascinating monument of folly, which is what it is. While we admit to being a party to the folly and to enjoying it, we think the joke has gone far enough. The population of this island having reached ridiculous and uncomfortable proportions, steps must be taken to limit it. There is only one way to limit it: limit the height of the buildings. No more skyscrapers is our cry. We are willing to walk right past the Chrysler Building shouting, "No more skyscrapers!"

SPEAKING purely as a person who has never been bitten by a dog (particularly by a city dog) we approve of the anti-muzzle agitation of the

S.P.C.A. We are, in fact, a rabid anti-muzzlemite. There are other and bigger problems, though, that remain to be solved in dog-walking circles. Anyone who has ever walked a dog on a leash in town—even though he's only done it once out of kindness for a sick friend—knows how badly we need an ordinance governing the conduct of two dogs who meet and want to talk things over. What about rubber leashes, so the owners of the dogs can go right on?

PASSING a delicatessen-store window the other day, we saw something that brought home to us how completely things have altered since the old days. We noticed that the Shredded Wheat Company has changed the picture on its package. We remembered that picture from childhood—the great factory, the flags waving from the



roof, the teams of prancing horses coming down the drive. Well, they have wiped out the horses. In their place,

XUM

you see a couple of motor cars, dodging each other on the street in front of the factory. Incidentally, it made us think how foolish collectors are, not to begin collecting earlier. If we had only saved just one pre-motor-car Shredded Wheat package, the chances are that in a few years more it would be worth a fortune.

More Drugstores

THEY didn't serve the traditional oyster dinner this Washington's Birthday at Quackinbush's Pharmacy —they haven't, in fact, since 1922, when old Benjamin F. Quackinbush, grandson of the founder, died. Until then it had been their annual custom for one hundred and five years. The store was opened on February 22, 1817, and every year thereafter they celebrated the anniversary by clearing off the counters and serving oysters, buffet fashion, to clerks, family guests, and whatever customers happened to drop in. Quackinbush's was the first drugstore in Greenwich Village. At first it stood on the corner of Greenwich Street and Amos—now West Tenth Street, but in 1829 it moved a few doors down Greenwich, toward Charles. It is on the same site today, and it hasn't changed much. The same sign swings over the door. Inside, there are shelves full of old-fashioned glass-stoppered bottles with Latin inscriptions. No soda fountain, no alarm clocks, or candy. Where in most drugstores the hardware department would be, there is a large pot-bellied coal stove, with, usually, half a dozen customers sitting around it, chatting.

The store is owned by a great-granddaughter of the original Quackinbush, but she lives in New Jersey and hasn't been around for years. Mr. Todd, the clerk, and Mr. Smith, the colored porter, keep the old spirit alive. Mr. Todd himself is past sixty, and has been with the store forty-six years. He is small and pale, very neat, very shy. He remembers when Jimmie Walker used to stop in for a stick of licorice on his way home from school, and when young Tunney would come, very serious, for a bottle of medicine. Mr. Smith, the porter, has been there for thirty-six years, polishing showcases and sweeping out. In all that time he has taken only one day off, to go to his brother's funeral. He didn't stay away all day though; he came back again early in the afternoon and got to work at his polishing again.

ALSO in the Village, there is Bigelow's drugstore, over in Sixth Avenue above Eighth Street; it is almost as old as Quackinbush's—founded in 1832—but it is much livelier. For one thing, it has a soda fountain. The present Mr. Bigelow, who is seventy-nine, didn't really want one, but he gave in to the trend of the times. He even lets them sell sandwiches there, but when they wanted to serve tomato soup, he rebelled. There was something about tomato soup, he felt, that didn't go with his idea of a drugstore. He simply wouldn't stand for it.

In spite of his years, he is still very spry, very active. He is proud of his memory. He can remember offhand dozens of famous customers he had in the past, tell you where they lived, all about them. Mark Twain: "He never opened his gills; spoke only to say what he wanted to buy." Maude Adams, General McClellan, and General Daniel E. Sickles, veteran of Gettysburg, and "Fighting Joe" Hooker. Commodore Vanderbilt: "I can see him today, tall, crabby-looking, with his whiskers." F. Marion Crawford was a customer when he lived at 21 East Eleventh Street and even afterward. After he went to Italy to live he would send back his prescriptions to Bigelow's. Bigelow's would fill them and mail them over.

From Philadelphia

DRIVING back from Philadelphia recently, a gentleman reached a point on the outskirts of that city where the route he was following seemed to lose itself among three different streets. He appealed to the traffic cop at the intersection. To his surprise, the officer, by way of reply, bowed, and handed him a folded slip of pink paper. He unfolded it with some apprehension. It turned out, however, to be a map, neatly printed, of the route as far as the Roosevelt Boulevard, and it even had gas stations, railroad crossings, and villages marked along the way. In the lower right-hand corner was a small inscription: "Compliments of Robert Milroy, Officer No. 3547, Phila., Pa." Mr. Milroy disdained all thanks. "Had 'em printed myself," he explained, with gruff geniality; "show ya the way easier." He blushed, turned away abruptly, and blew a blast on his whistle.

Matchabelli

PRINCE MATCHABELLI, the perfumer, started his business four years ago in a cellar in Madison Avenue. As a hobby he had learned to make perfumes while studying chemistry in the University of Berlin. All the aristocratic families who, nominally Russian, preserved the language and traditions of the old Georgian race, used a perfume made especially for them—the odors of a caste now hopelessly scattered. As a student he experimented in manufacturing the perfume that his family had used. He failed in this, but he proved his abilities in other ways. Once at a ball in a Berlin embassy a girl asked him if he could make a perfume to duplicate the one she had used that night. He took her lace handkerchief home and reproduced the scent perfectly. After the war and the revolution he found himself in this country. He was not satisfied to make his living in the way other Russian exiles were doing it and, remembering his experiments in Berlin, he started a perfume company, borrowing for the purpose four thousand dollars from an old friend.

Before long the Prince and his wife had moved out of the cellar in Madison Avenue to a bigger one in Lexington and had a girl to help them. Friends

who called found the three working at a long table, filling the little bottles and tying gold string around them. Matchabelli had thought up a special bottle made in the shape of the striped, gold-crusted, cross-topped crown that is his family crest, and this attracted attention to his product. As his success grew he began to prescribe special perfumes for individuals—Gloria Swanson, Dolores Costello, Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Mrs. R. T. Wilson, and Mrs. Gene Tunney. He originated a special perfume for furs—Hermine.

Prince Matchabelli affects to be very particular where his perfume is marketed, and has refused to let several places handle it because he felt their social tone was not just right. Meeting a woman for the first time, he often politely informs her that her perfume is unbecoming and sends her one of his own. If she is still using the old kind the next time he sees her, he says, "You have not been faithful to me." His business nets a quarter of a million a year, they say, and has grown out of its cellar to a laboratory in Fifty-sixth Street where sachets, powders, lipsticks, eye-shadows, and soap are also made. He employs no salesmen. Every spring and fall he goes on the road himself. With his gardenia, his bows and courtly airs, and his visiting card with its embossed seal, he creates an extraordinary impression on buyers who have never before trafficked with a genuine, hundred-per-cent prince.

An American Family

THE Theodore Dreisers were passengers a few weeks ago on a Havana boat, and among others on board was a young woman travelling alone. The deck steward was solicitous about her welfare and when he came to allot the deck chairs he glanced around until his eyes lighted on the Dreisers, seated side by side. "Would you like to sit next to that gentleman and his wife?" he asked. "That's Theodore Dreiser," the fair passenger told him, with proper awe. The information apparently meant nothing to the steward. "They seem to be a nice American couple," he said, and proceeded to place her next them, where she would be safe.

Parsee Fire

IF your out-of-town cousins want to visit a Parsee restaurant, there is only one in town, at 241 West Forty-eighth Street. As you go inside it smells of curry and incense, and a parrot squawks. The soup has almonds in it, and the coffee tastes of rose leaves. Over at a table by the window, if you are lucky, you may see George Arliss. He likes Hindu food and frequently drops in when in town. If he doesn't happen to be there, Mr. Feroz Mody, the proprietor, may point out to you a tall Englishman who used to live in India, who always lunches here, and who takes his curry straight—hotter than Mr. Mody himself can take it. These are the principal sights, these and a little sacristy lamp glowing pinkly on the cashier's desk. The flame comes from a lighted wick floating in coconut oil. Parsees are fire-worshippers; in their temple in India a flame has been burning steadily for nine hundred years.

There are only three Parsees in New York—Mr. Mody, Mr. Dhalla of Columbia University, and Mr. Pherozshaw Saklatvala. The latter is president of the Middle States Oil Corporation. Dr. Dhalla is a notable student. Parsees are people who get ahead; one rarely hears of a Parsee failing in anything he goes in for (the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" says so itself). They are descendants of ancient Persians who were driven out of Persia by the Arabs in the eighth century and took shelter

"Come, come—be a sweet child."

in India. A Hindu rajah received them, stipulating only that, while they lived in India, they must not kill any cows. This abstention still holds good in the case of Parsees in America, of whom there are not more than six or eight. They don't kill or eat cows; you can't get beef curry at Mr. Mody's restaurant.

Feroz Mody (the name means "jade merchant") has been in this country since 1900. He was originally a tea and coffee-taster, and a very good one, then he travelled out west selling tea, and for a time ran a corner grocery in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Above the flour counter the same sacristy lamp that burns in Forty-eighth Street was always lighted. That seemed pretty strange to small-town Iowa people, but they liked the Parsee. His wife, who is English-Irish, interpreted for him until he learned our lingo. Mr. Mody is a friendly man. He goes around his restaurant in his shirtsleeves. He likes to talk about Parsees, and his years in the Columbia University region. He had a restaurant in 112th Street for a long time, and got to know American students very well. He likes them better than Hindu students, whose patronage he does not encourage, because of the way they have of arguing violently about politics. The social goings-on of American young people amaze Mr. Mody, however. That's really why he moved away from the Columbia University neighborhood. Some of the students used to visit places in his neighborhood and then come into his restaurant and get out of hand. "Whoopee," explains Mr. Mody. Some of his Columbia University trade has followed him downtown—eighteen girls in one night last week.

Chicago Shot-Put

A GROUP of visitors from New York were shown about the lobby of the Chicago Athletic Association the other day. They admired the decorations, in particular, a large statue of an athlete—large and bronze, and very energetically about to put the shot. The gentlemen gathered about the figure, voicing waggish bewilderment. "What is it?" said one. "Why," said another, pointing to the large iron ball, or shot, the athlete holds in his right hand, "it's the Spirit of Chicago —with a pineapple."

Pogo's Forefeet

POGO, the horse in "Wake Up and Dream," is really pretty much a family affair, with the forelegs—or Frederick George Delaney—as the father of the rest. A daughter, known on the stage as Miss Lutie, is the ringmaster; a fifty-one-year-old son, Frederick Victor, is the hind legs. Delaney himself is seventy-four years old, and claims the longest stage career of any actor alive today: sixty-one years a performer. He has been Pogo's front feet for the last eight years.

He made his début in 1861, at the age of five, when his mother, the widow of a British army bandmaster, indentured him as an apprentice to a circus in Oxford, England, to learn clowning and acrobatic stunts. Since then he has played pretty much all over the world. His first trip to this country was in 1871, travelling with a circus troupe through California in covered wagons, fighting Indians occasionally on the way. He remembers Barnum, Koster & Bial's, apple orchards in Third Avenue, the theatrical district when it was at Union Square.

"Just a moment, my good man—I'm collecting cigar bands."

Delaney is a wiry, hardy little man, alert and active. He doesn't look his age; often his son is taken to be his brother. He is very proud of Pogo—made the animal himself and named it. He got the idea in 1921, when a law was passed in England forbidding the use of animals on the stage. Pogo originally was a kind of satire on the law, and was a big success in the music halls. Pogo, moreover, has never been photographed in action. Delaney won't permit it; thinks it wouldn't look well. He will, however, allow himself to be photographed with Pogo's head in his arms, stroking the black and glossy mane.

Finale

GIVEN strength, this is the last it-really-was-the-queen story we shall print. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Edsel Ford (to come right out with the names) had lunch together at the Roosevelt one day recently. Afterwards, discovering he was out of cash, Vanderbilt presented an American Express cheque to the cashier at her window. It was obvious that her suspicions were aroused—it's an old trick saying you're Cornelius Vanderbilt. Her evident doubt made Vanderbilt uneasy and, thinking to convince her of his identity, he remarked, "I have just had lunch here with Edsel Ford." This was too thick. Bang went the money drawer which the cashier had tentatively opened. She said he'd have to see the credit manager.

Psychographs

ROBERT H. DAVIS, of the *Sun*, has been taking pictures of prominent people for years and years, with a small folding camera that you can stick in your pocket. A couple of hundred of them, enlarged from the small negatives, have just been shown at the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries. The afternoon we were there the man in charge was showing a physician, a specialist, around and they stopped in front of the portrait of Vance Thompson. "That man is seriously sick," said the doctor. "He is dead," corrected the guide. Thompson died five days after the picture was taken.

Davis doesn't make a point of taking photographs of people when they are feeling fine, or even when they are looking pleasant. He wants the truth. The negatives are untouched, and every mark and scar and wrinkle on the face shows in his pictures. One of the earliest displayed is of the late Frank A. Munsey playing with a squirrel. It was taken sixteen years ago with the same camera that took the most recent sitter, Gene Tunney. Tunney's face looks touched up, but isn't, the fact being that the former prizefighter has one of the smoothest complexions you'll find among prominent gentlemen, excepting maybe among actors. Davis took a second picture of Tunney, but is still debating whether to put it on the walls. It shows the former champion in one of his notable tempers—hair standing up, eyes glaring. Davis had twitted him about his interest in Shakespeare just before he pressed the bulb.

This amateur photographer's method is to get a man talking about something he is deeply interested in, and take one picture and then get him angry, or depressed, or thoughtful, by changing the subject, and take another. Thus he has made many successful "double-studies." One pair is of Robeson, whose temper changes as fast as Tunney's. The first shows him bright-eyed, laughing; the other intense and sombre. On the second photograph Robeson has written "Nobody knows de trouble I see." Davis had got him on the subject of "The Emperor Jones" when he took this one.

Davis has made some excellent studies of bankers, explorers, and what-not. Rear Admiral Byrd is shown in an aesthetic pose; Casey Jones, the aviator, peers intensely at you; General Harbord was caught looking high-powered; and there are interesting pictures of Edison's protégé, Wilber Huston; John McBride, the ticket-agency man; Earl Carroll, with all his freckles showing; Dr. Robert Norwood, rector of St. Bartholomew's; Paavo Nurmi; Jack Powers, a colored man who was once cook for Theodore Roosevelt; David Sarnoff, of the Radio Corporation; Bill Tilden; and Reginald Turner, the man in whose arms Oscar Wilde died.

Davis is going to will his collection to a museum. He never sells any prints and rarely gives any away, even to his subjects.

Uptown Local

JUST when we thought we had become accustomed to the younger generation, this had to happen. Into our uptown local slipped a little girl and carefully seated herself. She carried a book under one arm. She was pretty, and not more than ten years old. A few ladies in the car tch-tchked, looking at one another as if to say: "What kind of a mother allows this child to travel alone in the subway?" A moment later they wished they had saved their tch-tchks—after she had smoothed her skirt, the little girl settled herself, brushed a wisp of hair from her eye, and opened her book. Name of book: "Kept Woman," by Viña Delmar. —THE NEW YORKERS

FAMOUS FRIENDS

OUR manuals of etiquette have solved the major problems of social intercourse with great benefit to mankind. We are taught to meet strangers in the correct way, to eat properly, and so on. But, after all, we can meet a stranger only once for the first time and, as a rule, we partake of food only three times a day (excluding tea, which should be treated under the subject of drinking).

On the other hand, we are constantly confronted with a problem which has been grossly neglected in the etiquette books: how to bring into a conversation gracefully one's acquaintance with well-known people. This subject has obviously been given close attention by certain individuals but, so far as we know, it has not been treated adequately for general guidance.

For the sake of convenience, we shall divide the principal known methods into five classes, and point out their merits and drawbacks.

THE first of these known by some experts as the Steam-Roller Method, while others, on good authority, call it the Do-or-Die. An example is as follows: "I've met so many interesting people since I've been in New York—Al Smith, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the Lunts, Georgia O'Keeffe, Otto Kahn, Grover Whalen, Fannie Brice, Edna Ferber, Harpo Marx, Adolph Zukor—oh, *so* many interesting people, and all doing such interesting work." The list of names, we need not trouble to say, depends upon the speaker. This manner of alluding to one's famous friends is not recommended, however, as those who favor it usually do not wait for a suitable opportunity to make such a remark, and the only reason the tiresome recital of names is not interrupted is invariably that the speaker raises his voice and speaks very fast.

A second means, slightly superior to the first, but not sanctioned by the best usage, is the First-Aid Method. It is known by this name because of its adaptability to any variety of conversation. It may be used in connection with any witty comment that one may wish to make. Example: "As Beatrice Lillie was saying to me the other day, a new broom sweeps clean." The disadvantage of this method is that it betrays the speaker's eagerness to mention the great name in conjunction with his own, inasmuch as it implies that his audience has heard of the celebrity, and will therefore be impressed.

The third method, which has the same disadvantage as Number 2, is known as the Old Home Week. Unfortunately, this type is applicable only when someone else has previously mentioned a well-known name. As soon as this happens, before the subject is changed, one makes some such comment as: "Well, you know Ernest Hemingway and I grew up together, and . . ." (The rest is left to the individual. He may speak favorably or not about the personage. The preferred usage is disparagement.) Other examples which may serve to suggest still further variations are: "Oh, I knew Lindbergh in the university. Yes, yes." "Oh, yes, Taft was my aunt's lawyer . . ." "I knew Pershing well in France. We won the war side by side . . ." (Caution: do not preface Method Number 3 with "I knew him when . . ." It is obsolete.)

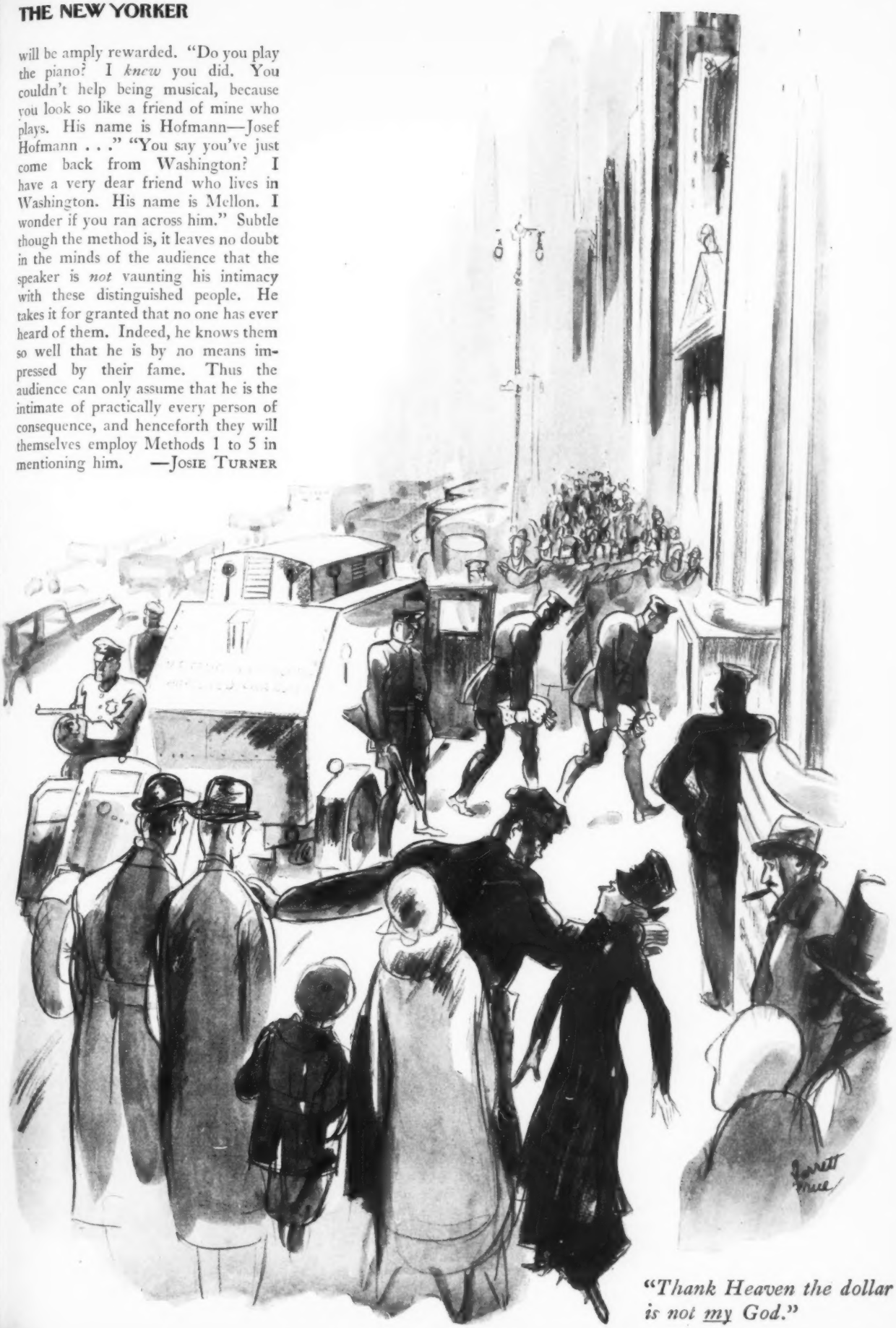
The fourth method has been called the Coincidence. The user must cultivate his wits and show some aptitude for recognizing a coincidence, no matter how disguised. Otherwise it is a fairly simple and practical device. An example is as follows: "I see you are reading 'The Wave.' That reminds me, I just had a chat on the street with my old friend William Boyd. He wrote a novel about the Civil War, too, you know." Gradually, as one becomes familiar with the method, other examples will suggest themselves, as, for instance: "In the chorus, you say? Ina Claire has told me so many amusing things that happened when *she* started in the chorus." "Speaking of automobile accidents, the most absurd thing happened one night when I was coming home in a taxi with Estelle and Jack Dempsey. . . ."

A variation of Number 4 is the How Small the World Is After All. The use of this particular method depends upon a workable knowledge of the geographical distribution of celebrities. The example which follows has, however, one flaw. "Oh, you're from Illinois. Of course you know Carl." "Carl who?" "Carl Sandburg. Don't you know Carl?" The error is that the speaker is patently boasting that he can call Mr. Sandburg by his given name. As we indicated in Number 2, it is never advisable to intimate that one is at all flattered by the acquaintance of the distinguished person.

The fifth type is the one known and used by all who have perfected their technique. No scholar has yet been able to discover a flaw in it, if one but masters the principle. This infallible method is known as the Birds of a Feather. We shall give one or two excellent examples, and if our readers will study them carefully, their efforts

"Pansy, you're a poor loser. You are not a credit to the game."

will be amply rewarded. "Do you play the piano? I *knew* you did. You couldn't help being musical, because you look so like a friend of mine who plays. His name is Hofmann—Josef Hofmann . . ." "You say you've just come back from Washington? I have a very dear friend who lives in Washington. His name is Mellon. I wonder if you ran across him." Subtle though the method is, it leaves no doubt in the minds of the audience that the speaker is *not* vaunting his intimacy with these distinguished people. He takes it for granted that no one has ever heard of them. Indeed, he knows them so well that he is by no means impressed by their fame. Thus the audience can only assume that he is the intimate of practically every person of consequence, and henceforth they will themselves employ Methods 1 to 5 in mentioning him. —Josie Turner



"Thank Heaven the dollar is not my God."

ESCAPE

THE afternoon was lost in snow.
There were no more roads to go,
There were no paths that I might take
Through naked wood or purple brake.
I closed the door of my tight house
On flying air and weighted boughs,
But felt my breast grow tight about
The thing that I was shutting out.

The window was a square of blue.
The snow swept down as I looked through,
The silvery sky came down until
It leaned against my window sill.
Upon the blue and darkening pane,
The tall sky fell in a feathered rain
Blown from the north and slanting south.
I pressed my fingers on my mouth,
I laid my hand along my heart
For fear the last be cleft apart,
For fear the first be forced to cry,
By a silver, softly falling sky.

O night, I said, be quick, be soon!
Drive the lean galley of the moon
Into clear-blue and bitter seas
Behind these leafless apple trees.
O night, I said, shut out this snow!
There are no more roads to go,
There are no more paths to take
Through naked wood or purple brake.
Snatch up this fragile sky that mocks
My staunchest will, my stoutest locks!
O stop this terrible silver, falling!
Let me escape what I hear calling!

Low and twisted, wide and stark,
The apple trees grew blurred and dark.
Stretching their arms to the flying white,
The apple trees sank into night.
Against my blackened window pane
The sky came down in feathery rain;
The soft flakes beat on my heart until
A lost night stood at my window sill.

O night, I said, why did you come?
O night that I was fleeing from,
O night of falling silver fire,
Why did you waken a dead desire?
Why did you waken with slanting snow
The dream that I can never know?

You might have come with a rakish moon,
And an icy wind with a bitter tune
Might have sung these apple trees to sleep.
Instead the snow is deep . . . and deep,
Instead the sky is falling, falling . . .
And this is the night I heard him calling . . .

I ran to the door and with a shout
Flung back the lock; and there without,
The whole vast night and the whole tall sky
Were shattered to silver and slanting by . . .
And my heart was fearless and open wide,
And I can't recall if I laughed or cried.

—FRANCES M. FROST

• •

". . . and now may I be permitted to say twelve-fifty for 'The Landing of General Lafayette,' slightly chipped?"

K.O., MIDDLEWEIGHT~I

HIS trade has given him a new face. Whatever was once characteristic in it has been beaten out, and the flattened nose, solid ear, and thickened angle of the mouth now compose a generality. Chiefly his identity is retained in certain twists of thought and speech and in his twinkling, small black eyes which, in spite of his reputation for stupidity, are not stupid eyes, and which express his most important qualities—vitality and physical confidence.

Far from belonging to the modern type of educated pug, he freely and rather proudly admits that he quit school at the age of twelve. He can read and write well enough to get along, but the control of language that most people have acquired without special effort seems to him a formidable accomplishment. Words, especially place-names, he finds baffling: Passaic, for instance, has always been Pasiac or Pasuwic—he seldom gets it right—and once on the way to Utica he spent some time studying a timetable and then said gravely to his manager: "You know, this train don't take us to Ut—to that place where I'm going to fight. It says here we've got to change at some station—Schenecticut, or some place."

A story that may make him appear half-witted but which owes its absurdity to this same trouble with words concerns his answer to a friend who was trying to soften the effect of a newspaper article making fun of one of his fights.

"You can't blame these boys for wanting to write about you, K.O. You know how it is—you've got a lot of color."

K.O. seemed puzzled for a moment, then flushed with anger. "Color be damned," he said. "I'm as white as you are."

He pulled another like this the night he fought Juan Juarez. Juarez was a Mexican—a straight classic boxer, hard to catch with a swing or a straight punch, but wide open to an uppercut. All evening K.O.'s handlers coached him in the rest periods. "Up, bring it up." K.O. seemed to understand, but when the next round started he still plodded in, shooting left hooks and straight right hands. By the seventh round Juarez had closed one eye and had his nose bleeding. The fellows in his corner were yelling "Up" to him whenever he went by and the crowd took up the word in chorus. Before the eighth started Vic Herman, K.O.'s chief handler, executed half a dozen uppercuts in pantomime. "For God's sake bring it up, K.O. You know how to do it. Up. Up. Up."

Into K.O.'s battered face slowly broke comprehension. "Aw," he said. "You mean—*up!*"

When he was being beaten, as in this fight, he became blind and apparently deaf, answering what was said to him only in grunts, but when winning he remained alert and lively. Once in a bout with a cross-eyed fighter he dropped his hands and remarked insultingly: "Why don't you hit where you're looking?" In general, when situations rather than words are to be dealt with, he shows a fair amount of intelligence.

AT his best K.O. was one of the most fearless fighters I ever watched. Though only a middleweight, he fought plenty of light-heavies; undoubtedly, if the match had been made, he would have been willing to take a chance with Tunney. Nevertheless, honesty compels me to record that for six years the principal influence in his life was his fear of a man who had never had a boxing glove on and who weighed less than a hundred and twenty pounds. Doc Confeldt was his manager during the climax of his career and the principal factor in his success; he exerted his power over K.O. by force of personality alone. Like most managers, he was a braggart, and wherever he went he prophesied the future triumphs of K.O. in hearty terms.

"He's training down at Stillman's today, boys," he would say to the group of fighters, managers, and idlers, waiting in the outer office of some matchmaker. "Better go down and look him over. The next middleweight champion of the world, and don't forget I told you."

In less enthusiastic moments the Doc sometimes harangued K.O. until the fighter lost his fear and threatened to hit him. Once during a quarrel in a restaurant K.O. made this threat and the Doc instantly took him up, inviting him to step out on the sidewalk. K.O. refused with an air of sportsmanlike unwillingness to hit a smaller man, but when Confeldt had gone he asked someone at the table to make sure he was not waiting outside. "He might be laying for me," he said nervously.

Doc Confeldt is still active, but he has no fighters now as good as those he had when he was making K.O.'s reputation. There were five in his stable beside K.O.—a Jew, a Pole, an Italian, a Mexican, and an Irishman. Since the first name of four of them happened to be Joe, the Doc had to invent nicknames to make things less complicated. The Irishman's name was Mickey, but the Doc contrived more names for him than any of the Joes, basing most of them on Mickey's capacity for eating.

"Hey, throw the fish another seal. He's starving himself."

"Never mind, Doc. That's what gives me the old wallop."

"Your biggest wallop is with a fork. You ain't no walloper—you're a pot-walloper."

They often ate together in the din-

ing-room of a small hotel in Twenty-ninth Street that was the New York headquarters of the stable. Wizened little Confeldt was at the end of the table and the fighters sat three on a side. Except for Slim Ferano, who with his long girlish eyelashes and clear-cut oval face looked more like an actor than a fighter, everyone showed some marks of the ring. They ate with concentrated attention, and the weak light, falling slantwise from the electric chandelier, exaggerated the racial contrasts of their faces, suggesting a painting in which the focal spot of color was the bright red bottles of catsup in the middle of the table.

BECAUSE of K.O.'s gameness, the Doc liked him the best of the lot, calling him a natural fighter. This was accurate as far as his body went, but actually K.O. had become a fighter neither more nor less naturally than hundreds of others. His real name was Stanislas Kalnins and he was born in 1897 in a manufacturing town in Massachusetts. His father, a Lettish immigrant, earned a good living as an iron-puddler but never found out much about the language or customs of his new country. K.O.'s mother died when he was four years old, and when the school authorities got hold of the boy a couple of years later they discovered that he hardly knew a word of English. Old man Kalnins' sister Sophie, a spinster, did the cooking and housework for the family and, liking K.O. better than his boisterous older brothers, she gave him second helpings and saved special dishes for him when he stayed out late. He grew rapidly. Because he had to attend classes with kids smaller than himself he detested school and tried to justify his strength by fighting fellows in the upper grades. He acquired a peculiar expression, half bullying and half defensive, which by degrees became permanent. After leaving school he worked for a while in a grocery store and later in a wire factory where he spent nine hours a day loading fifty-pound bolts of wire on the company's trucks.

Before he left the factory he had begun to fight professionally in his spare time. He had only his battles in the recess-yard and occasional chance brawls to make him think that he could be a fighter, but he had found convincingly that effectiveness with his fists was the only way he could make himself admired. Still more important was the idea of making money. He figured that even if he fought no more than one six-rounder every two weeks, at the ten dollars a round which is the minimum wage for fighters almost everywhere, he would make fifteen dollars a week, counting in the manager's cut. This was only two dollars less than he made in the factory, and for pleasure there was no comparison between loading those wire bales and the light work that being a fighter meant—an hour or so of training every day, and an hour's work, with a chance for glory, on Saturday nights.

It was his first manager who thought up "K.O. Keenan" as a name that would go over better than Kalnins with the customers, mostly Irish, of the clubs in their own and neighboring towns. By the time he was twenty K.O. had learned some boxing and built up a local reputation. His hands were already a fighter's hands—wide and thick, the knuckles flattened into a puffy ridge. Even being drafted in 1918 did not interrupt his career, for in various base camps K.O. gave exhibitions and competed in tournaments. He won the welterweight championship of his division, but was already having

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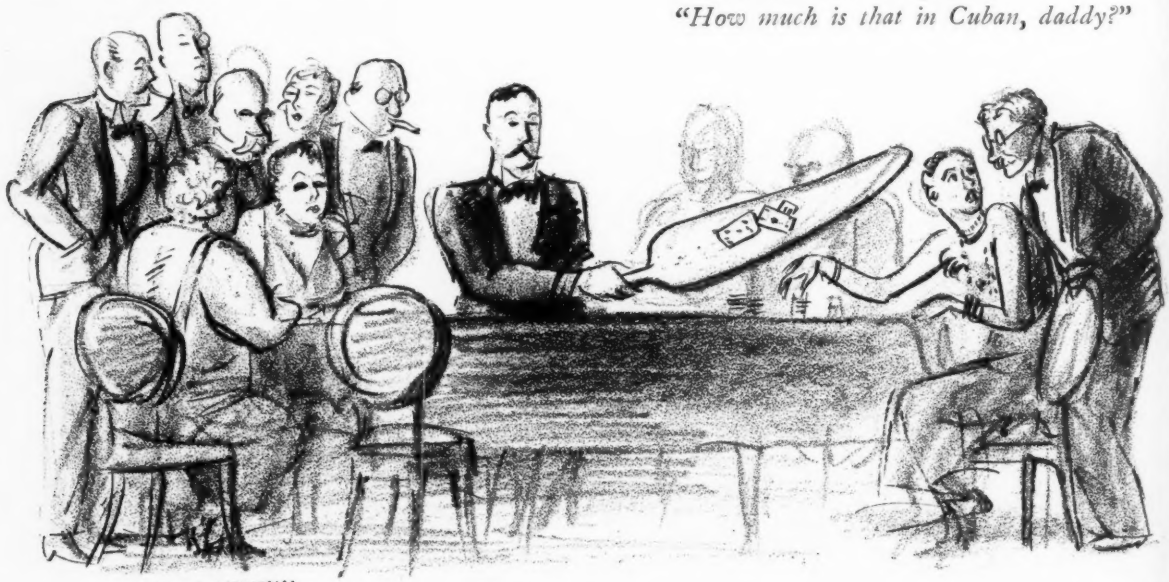
HAVANA

"Trois cent soixante-quinze."
"How much is that in Cuban, daddy?"



"Isn't it wonderful to be in this foreign atmosphere in only forty-four hours?"

trouble making the weight. Army food, in spite of the perpetual complaints about it, put flesh on him, and he was discharged in 1919 a full-fledged middleweight, feeling better than ever before in his life.

FOR six months after that he boxed through eastern towns for a rotund manager named Sam McGetrick who had put some army champions on contract as soon as they were out of uniform. Preceded by a man who hired a hall for them and stuck up posters in barber shops and post offices announcing the coming bouts, they travelled from town to town in an old touring car. The fighters ate together, trained together, and sometimes slept two in a bed, pretending to be strangers and furious opponents when they met in the ring. Doc Confeldt saw K.O. fight in Rochester and signed him up after a discussion in a lunch wagon that lasted nearly all night. K.O. was not inclined to leave a prosperous outfit for chances of higher profits and the assurance of harder work somewhere else, but in the end the Doc convinced him that he was too good to be satisfied with putting on sham battles for McGetrick.

Often after he had gone with Confeldt, K.O. wished he were back on the road. The tour had been a happy, lazy time of changing scenes and adventures, while now that he was a city fighter everything was altered somehow—made monotonous, guarded, and strenuous. His schedule in the city bored him. Early in the mornings he ran around the reservoir. In the afternoons he worked out in Stillman's Gym. Between lunch and his workout he took a nap. In the evenings he played red-dog or rummy in the hotel or went to the movies or a fight. It might not have been so bad if it hadn't been for the Doc, but K.O. had begun to feel, not without grounds, that he was no longer his own boss. He wanted a car, for instance, and bought one—a yellow roadster with black wheels, but when he planned to take a ride in the afternoon, even if he was not working out that day, the Doc was likely to insist on coming with him. At times he was so lonesome that he wished he had a dog for company, but the Doc would not let him keep one in the hotel. After fights the Doc would let him break training, and once in a while he rebelled and went on a bat with Vic Herman who, having greater freedom, was always well supplied with girls and liquor. When drunk K.O. was apt to pick up a fight and hit somebody, but the Doc watched him so closely that these sprees occurred seldom.

ALL in all, the new life was satisfactory only in point of the money and success he was making. He was busy all the time, fighting three or four times a month. He stopped Trixie Mullen in two rounds, Sam Bernstein in eight, Lou Spinola in four. He decisioned Chick Levic, Honeybody Doolan, Kansas Roe, and Rocky Greenman. He played the horses a little, had five suits of clothes, and paid two dollars for his ties. His picture had been in all

the papers, and sometimes people recognized him in the street. Before his fight with Tuffy Lightner for the world's middleweight championship he visited his home town and found himself not without honor there. A welcomer, representing the Chamber of Commerce, and the Boy Scout Junior Ten-Piece Band met him at the station, and on leaving he read to an audience of well-wishers a speech that the Doc had typed for him on a narrow slip of paper.

"My friends and home-town pals, I want to thank you one and all (*applause*) for your kind rec—for the way you boys have treated me. . . ."

A VOICE: "Louder."

K.O. (*yelling*): "How's that? Who's deef back there?" (*Laughter and applause.*)

A VOICE: "What about Lightner, K.O.?"

DOC CONFELDT: "Hssh. Wait a minute. Give the boy a chance."

K.O. (*reading*): "I will never forget it, and I will show my app—will tell the world where our town stands when I get that dumb punk Lightner in the ring and knock the tar out of him." (*Cheers.*)

The band played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and K.O., standing on the platform of the last car, waved goodbye with his fists over his head as the train pulled out.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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COSMETIC COUNTER

On lips that droop
With weariness
Tired and trembling
Fingers press
A smile of rouge
Or vainly print
On sagging cheeks
The tender tint
Of youth.
Poor eyes
No longer bright
Seek in a mirror
Their lost light.
Life has no leisure,
Age no rest
For these
On Ponce
de Leon's quest.

—JEAN BATCHELOR

OF ALL THINGS

THE Five-Power Conference is taking a holiday because the French delegates lost their jobs. It would be interesting to know how they can tell whether the Conference is working or resting.

•

Upon returning from his holiday the President invited the best minds to breakfast and asked for more speed on the tariff bill. Without a moment's delay the Senate buckled down and raised the rate on golf-green grass seed.

•

The embattled upstate farmers are making their annual attack upon Daylight-Saving Time and Colonel Ruppert predicts that the Yankees will win the pennant. The hounds of spring are on winter's traces.

•

Representative Underhill of Massachusetts wants to take the bunk out of the *Congressional Record* and boil things down to essentials. This sounds about as alluring as dried applesauce.

•

Washington refuses to protest against the Soviet's mistreatment of religious bodies. In the bright lexicon of our State Department there is no such word as Soviet.

•

Senator Pat Harrison is making uncouth noises over the way Coolidge is swinging around the circle as if running for something. The Senator only does this to annoy. There are no grounds for worry unless Calvin starts pitching hay.

•

New York's social centre has again moved perceptibly to the north and east and the fear is expressed that it may eventually cross Park Avenue. Traffic permitting.

•

Our February medal for bravery is hereby awarded to the young Italian who is about to take Mussolini for a father-in-law.

•

Taxi-drivers are in revolt against the uniform duster prescribed by Commissioner Whalen. It only goes to show that no problem is ever settled right until it is settled by Lieutenant-Governor Lehman.

•

Reno divorces fell off sharply in 1929 but the industry is declared basically sound. No mills have been shut down.

•

Henry Ford is planting goldenrod in a big way on his plantation near Savannah, to the amusement of the neighbors. A swell time is being had by the Georgia wisecrackers.

•

The story is going around that telephone calls in many places are at a low ebb during the fifteen minutes that Amos 'n' Andy are on the air. These boys could scarcely be more popular if they were forbidden by law.

•

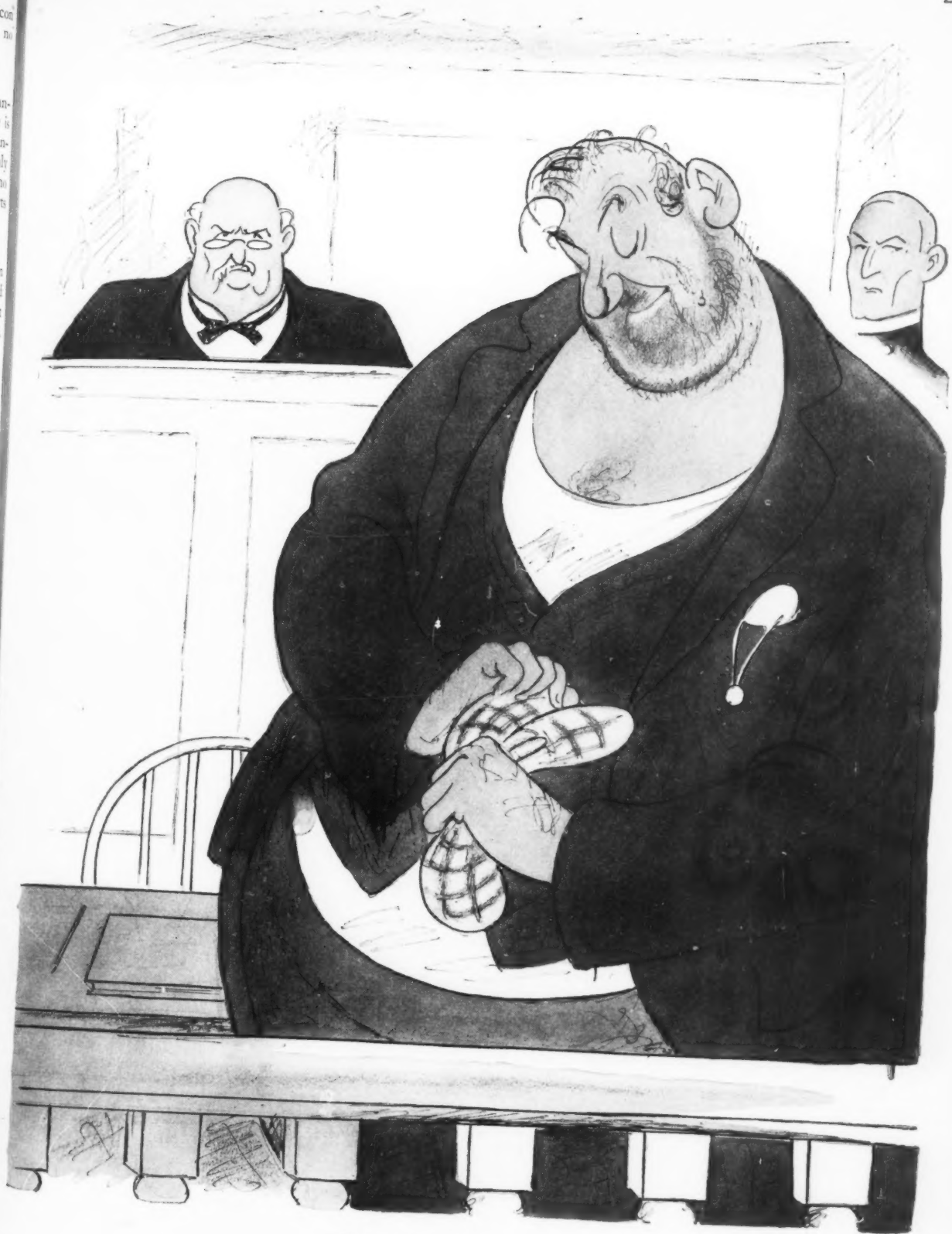
Some pretty terrible things are being said these days about the Noble Experiment. The wets are just trying to stir up trouble between Uncle Sam and Aunty Saloon League.

•

Representative Snow of Maine is peevish because Idaho potatoes are listed in red ink on the House restaurant menu. Still, it is pleasant to know that Idaho raises something besides Borah. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

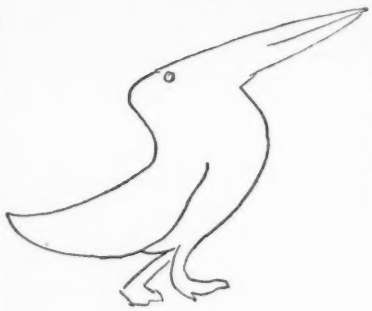
RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Barney, the harum-scarum owner of Barney's in the Village; he is a constant source of worry to Arnold, his headwaiter, who frequently ejects him from his own night club with scandalized hands.



"What is your name?"
"They just call me 'Pal,' Your Honor."

OUR PET DEPARTMENT

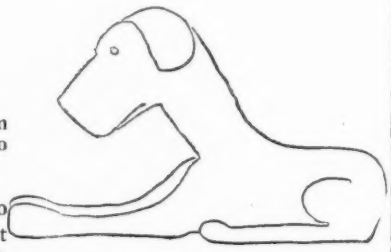


Q. Our gull cannot get his head down any further than this, and bumps into things. H. L. F.

A. You have no ordinary gull to begin with. He looks to me a great deal like a rabbit backing up. If he *is* a gull, it is impossible to keep him in the house. Naturally he will bump into things. Give him his freedom.

Q. No one has been able to tell us what kind of dog we have. I am enclosing a sketch of one of his two postures. He only has two. The other one is the same as this except he faces in the opposite direction. Mrs. J. R. S.

A. I think that what you have is a cast-iron lawn dog. The expressionless eye and the rigid pose are characteristic of metal lawn animals. And that certainly is a cast-iron ear. You could, however, remove all doubt by means of a simple test with a hammer and a cold chisel, or an acetylene torch. If the animal chips, or melts, my diagnosis is correct.



This department, devoted to the interests of pets and their owners, will appear in this space, or in some space a whole lot like this, from time to time. Physical ailments and spiritual problems of birds and animals will be dealt with frankly, but at no great length.

—James Thurber

• •

JUST TO BE FREE

"I THOUGHT that a private apartment would be pleasanter for us both than a hotel," said Mr. Blandy.

"It's immaterial to me," said Miss Froelich.

A lackadaisical young woman, Miss Froelich! For his part he was glad to be indoors, though the walk from the hotel lobby where he had met her according to the arrangements had been brief and refreshing in the rather warm wet air, probably indicating that a mean winter rain was imminent.

He had hardly spoken to Miss Froelich, for they had had to traverse some blocks of the Broadway district, and the noise and the crowds had served to remind him of all the nonsense that had made his marriage in the past few years—ever since prosperity had overtaken them—intolerable to him. They had passed the very theatre where he and Marcia had been that night when they had agreed to split up. He remembered it well, because in the shuffle to dive for a taxi he had knocked over one of those stands of photographs in front of the place and got into a row, and Marcia had laughed at him. "I'm an optician, not a prizefighter," he had shouted at her when they at last had found a taxi, "and my God, I'm sick of all this nonsense." It was amazing how quickly they had passed from the squabble over a taxi to the discussion of Reno or Paris or New York, and to his own wild assertion that he wanted it done anyhow, the quickest way. And after he had moved to the club, there was Bradley, running from Marcia to him and back again, arranging it all with lawyers who raked out of the dust pile of dubious society this amenable Miss Froelich who would lend herself to this supposititious *rendez-vous d'amour*, this humiliating staged farce, which could leave him free, free of women and their nonsense, free of taking them places, of getting taxis for them, free to work.

"That justifies it," he had said to Bradley. "Free of women, I shall become the foremost specialist of my line in the city—in ten years."

Miss Froelich was inspecting the place now like a cat, thumbing the materials of the curtains, peering on the underside of china bowls, exclaiming with pleasure before a pianoforte that had been made over into a writing desk, surely the silliest piece of furniture, Blandy thought, ever contrived.

"Cute little place," she murmured. "A man's?"

He assured her that it was.

"Well, I guess some woman fixed it up for him."

Women were convinced that no man could even be comfortable without them. Blandy sniffed disgustedly. Miss Froelich opened the door of the bedroom and peered in. "I might as well make myself to home," she announced and vanished, closing the door behind her.

"Good heavens," thought Blandy, "what is she going to do?"

He remembered what Marcia had said about this part of the proceedings. Friends had been very assiduous in quoting Marcia to him since he had left her. "I can just see Hiram and that poor girl," she had said. "I get a big laugh out of that idea, I can tell you. That's the best laugh I've had since he asked me to marry him." Of course she hadn't laughed when he had asked her to marry him. In fact she had cried. Women!

What was Miss Froelich up to? He went into the kitchen and got some White Rock and ice, melting the ice out of the molds with hot water as he had seen Marcia do, and arranged glasses and brought the rye over from the side table.

Was anything wrong with Miss Froelich? Suppose she died in there. A heart attack. If she died now it would ruin him. He was jeopardizing his position enough as it was, but a scandal like this would be fatal to his reputable practice. And the dissolute seemed to have so little trouble with their eyesight.

BUT Miss Froelich had not died. She had merely changed into a pink garment with a white fur around the throat.

"I hope that they'll crash in on us by eleven," she said. "I got a date with my fiancé."

Blandy stared.

"That's why I'm giving you this

time," she added. "To buy him a present. His birthday's due. Those piano desks—my, that's cute—do they cost much?"

"Expensive and useless," he said, feeling an obligation to protect some helpless male from such a gift.

"I like it," said Miss Froelich, and took a sip of her drink. She frowned and put it down.

"Get me some plain White Rock," she said.

WHEN he came back from the kitchen with the bottle, she was reading a magazine. Blandy was quite shocked; the light was so bad.

"You mustn't do that," he commanded.

She raised her head, amazed at his tone.

"You will ruin your eyesight." He bent over and looked closely at her eyes. He suspected that she had an astigmatic condition.

"Do you have many headaches?"

"What's it to you?" she asked.

"It is impossible for me to see any human being ruining his eyesight without some word of advice," he returned coldly. "I have seen too much trouble follow mere carelessness."

"Oh, you're an eye doctor?" She was interested now.

"Well, in a way," he said slowly. "Naturally I have to have some medical knowledge."

She was tremendously impressed and all at once very eager to discuss her case.

"I do have headaches," she said. "I had the most terrible headache only yesterday. I thought I'd die. Goodness, I never thought it might be my eyes. Does the air in those places you go, the smoke and all, hurt your eyes, do you think? Do you see anything wrong with mine?"

She opened them wide, and he examined them with care, lifting the lids with accurate fingers.

"Without any apparatus I can't tell for sure," he said, and regretted that he had left his charts and prisms in the office.

"Do you exercise the eyes?"

She looked terrified.

"Exercise the eyes? Oh, dear, you don't think I'll need glasses. Oh, I can't wear glasses."

He hastened to reassure her that eyeglasses might enhance her good looks. She might not need to wear them all the time. Perhaps for reading—

"Oh, reading!" she said.

But she had touched upon a delicate point with him. He had no patience with those people who sacrificed their sight on account of their vanity. That was criminal negligence, criminal. It was so unnecessary, too, these days when spectacles were made of all shapes and styles to suit any kind of person, when, indeed, they often added a distinction to the features. Nothing pleased him more than to see a person with a properly fitting pair of spectacles. He felt obliged to rebuke Miss Froelich for her attitude.

He stressed the dangers of neglect of the eyes, especially in New York, where the eyes were exposed to so many malign dusts. He warned her of the strain, of the mental and physical distress that could develop from the eye. There were serious nervous maladies, too, that could be traced directly to the eye. Rheumatism. He had just promised to send her an eyewash the next

"Rudy Vallée doesn't have to be a good actor. Is Walter Damrosch an actor?"

morning and made her promise to buy an eyecup and cleanse the eyes, twice a day, when the knock came on the door.

It was really very annoying, because they interrupted so crudely and with such an aggressive and jocose manner, asking his name and so on, that when they left he could see that Miss Froelich was in no mood to listen any longer, although he had wanted to advise her on the value of hot compresses.

But she ran into the bedroom, and this time it didn't take her a jiffy to change back into her street things. She was laughing, too, laughing at him.

"I never saw anyone look so guilty as you did in all my life," she laughed. "My, I think we've had a real interesting talk and I appreciate it."

THEY went downstairs like old friends, and he felt suddenly happy too, quite buoyant and gay, for he remembered now that at last he was free, free to work. Oh, there were still legal forms to go through, but the essential fact was established, the unpleasant feature of the case was done with, settled.

Miss Froelich gave a scream of dismay. It was raining. Pouring. Coming down in torrents. She must have a taxi at once. One passed them and Blandy bolted up the street after it, the rain swamping him in sheets, pools from the gutter sloshing up over his shoes, and just as the taxi stopped two women shot out from the curb and grabbed it. Theatres were just out and he had no hopes for another, but finally a cab drew right up in front of them and Miss Froelich dashed in. However, she wasn't going his way and there was nothing for him to do but tramp to his club. He would get pneumonia. No doubt of it. He would have to go to the hospital. There was that competent nurse, he knew. What was her name?

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

NO LEGS

OCTAVE, the little French expressman, appeared at my door early one morning to announce that the table a friend of mine had written he was sending down from Paris had arrived. Before he brought it in, however, Octave informed me that he felt called upon to say a few things. He recalled that in all our previous transactions there had been only satisfaction on both our parts. He had delivered all my goods on time and in the most excellent of conditions. He wished fervently that I remember his behavior in the manner of business had been altogether good.

Apprehensive, I assured Octave that all these things were true, and then requested him to tell me the cause of his present perturbation.

Apologetically, he began the relating of his tragic facts. "I am sorry to inform you, Monsieur," he said, "that several legs of your beautiful table have been broken off."

As I exclaimed my chagrin, Octave went on, "The truth of the matter is that all four legs of the table have been broken off."

Finally, after more lamentation on my part, Octave told me the worst. "Not only have all four legs been broken off," he confessed, "but unfortunately they are also missing."

I ROSE to go out and look at the awful wreck, but Octave stopped me with a violent flow of explanation. Under ordinary conditions, he said, he would want to know what measures I should like to take. If it were the usual kind of case, in effect, if he believed for one moment that it was at all his fault, he would gladly come to some arrangement about it. But the case was not in the least an ordinary one. It was not he who had caused the breaking off of the legs from my table, nor was it he who had brought about their complete loss. Though it was true that he had kept the table in his barn overnight, a procedure he did not often indulge in, only last night having done so because he could not leave his wife, who was on the verge of death, there was no part of the unfortunate incident which could be placed at his door.

It was, held Octave, entirely a thing of the railroad's fault, for he had called for the table in its exact present condition. It was altogether a certainty that this was true, for with his own eyes he had seen the men at the railroad station in Nice handle the table in such a manner that the legs were wrenched from their positions and then brutally discarded. He stood ready to testify to this statement in any court I wished to bring action.

CUTTING short his further explanatory oration, for which he evidently had endless material, I asked him to bring in what was left of the table. Out he went, and in a moment returned with a huge open crate. In it was a modernistic table, one of those affairs which, of course, spurned from its birth any suggestion of possessing legs. Looking at the serious Octave, I said nothing for a moment. Then I explained that everything was all right, that this kind of a table had no legs.

"No legs?" he asked. He could not understand it, and insisted on staying until I had unpacked the table and set it in its future place. Then he walked around it, looking at it from all angles, but without comprehension. Sadly shaking his head, he murmured again, "No legs," and went away, relieved but wistful.

—THEODORE PRATT

• •

ONE MASTER

In the subway knee touched knee,
Newspaper jostled newspaper,
Silk umbrella drew back from the touch of cotton umbrella,
Thin pointed rubbers dodged muddy boots,
Gloved hands nervously opened books,
Raincoats rustled, hats out-stared one another,
Wheels squeaked, nerves jangled,
And above the strained heads ran that narrow line of advertisements
Like a frieze to mean gods in the anteroom of a temple.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THE THEATRE

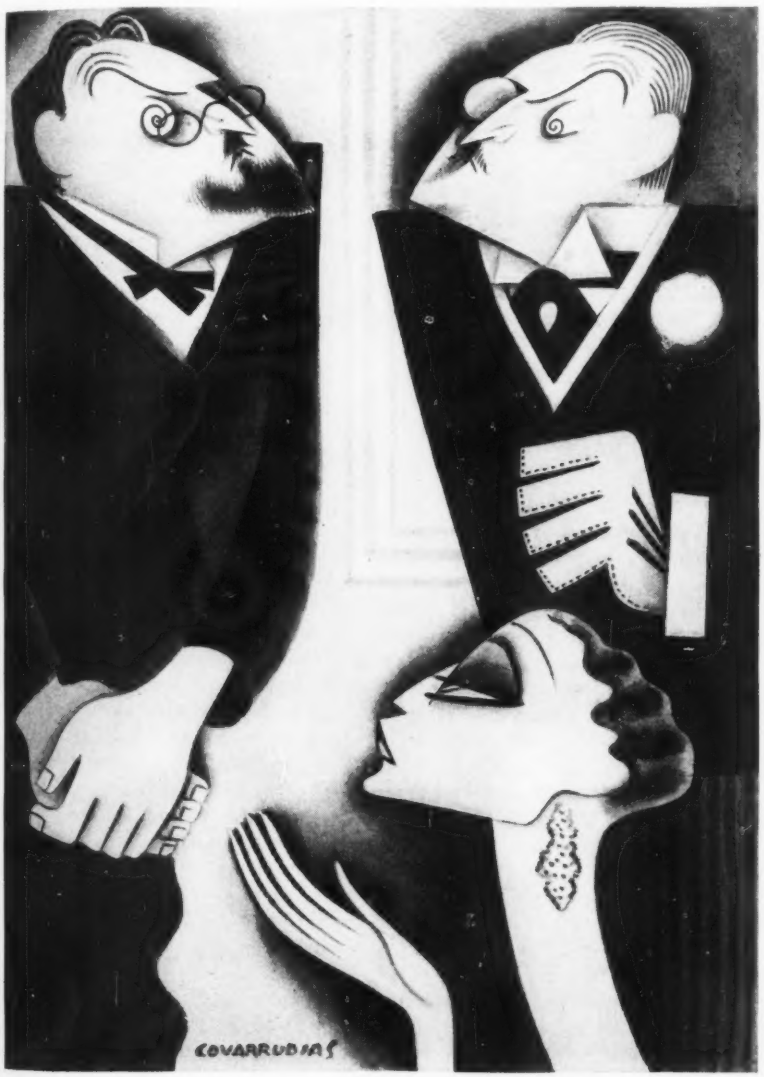
UNDER THE WIRE FOR LENT

IF you don't believe that Ed Wynn is a comic genius (of course, everyone *does*, so I am giving no offence) just go to see "Simple Simon" and analyze just what it is that is making the audience, including yourself, writhe with merriment on the floor of the Ziegfeld Theatre. You will discover, without much searching, a Mother Goose story of such banality as to affront even the children for whom it was written, and a series of some of the highest-pensioned gags in the G.A.R. Just the manual labor of clipping them from old funny papers must have been stupendous.

And yet under the benign touch of Ed Wynn, a timid, tentative touch bespeaking considerable doubt on his part and a wide-eyed surprise at his continued success, the whole thing becomes a riot of rich comedy. It is nothing short of legerdemain.

This is not to say that "Simple Simon" is a bad show. Mr. Ziegfeld's share in it is a worthy setting for the miracles of Mr. Wynn. Seymour Felix has staged some lovely ballets, attaining the season's top in a number called "Hunting the Fox" in which (as well as in her other dances) Miss Harriet Hoctor definitely establishes herself as *première danseuse* of the town. Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, by delving slightly into their files, have assembled a potpourri of pleasant tunes, and Mr. Urban has let himself go with his paintbrush with spectacular effect. But the rest of the cast, which includes such able performers as Bobbe Arnst, Lennox Pawle, and Hugh Cameron, have to contend with almost insuperable handicaps, including Mr. Wynn's quick entrances on whatever applause they may have been able to earn and some of the worst lines ever given grown-up people to speak.

Even as the readers of this page were last week noting our remarks on Miss Ruth Etting's voice as heard in the "Nine-Fifteen Revue," the "Nine-Fifteen Revue" was in its expensive grave and Miss Etting's voice was being heard to equally good effect in "Simple Simon." This was due to the difference in time. At any rate, Miss Etting's voice *is* nice.



"TOPAZE"

Both gentlemen in this picture are Frank Morgan. On the left he is a hyper-honest schoolmaster who gets nowhere; and on the right, without the beard, he has seen the light and can afford an Ascot tie. The lady in the case is Phoebe Foster. At the Music Box.

IT is very wise of "The Criminal Code" to pack up and get out of town after the arrival of "The Last Mile," for the latter makes any previous attempts to depict prison life seem like so many sweetmeats by Edward Childs Carpenter. John Wexley has written, and Chester Erskin has directed, a tragedy of cruelty and abundant death which must remain the last word in tense and terrible drama for a long time to come. It will harrow your soul, but you should not miss seeing how the other half dies. James Bell, as the young convict who is led to the chair before your very eyes, and Spencer Tracy, as the leader of the prison revolt who meets his inevitable fate standing on his feet, as well as the rest of an all-male cast, give splendid performances. "The Last Mile," how-

ever much it hurts, ought to be compulsory.

I AM frank to admit that I got very little out of the performance of Mei Lan-fang, China's greatest actor, except a certain visual pleasure at watching the graceful movements of a man who is essentially a fine dancer. Try as hard as I would to make allowances for different standards of acting and to accustom myself to the very bad falsetto and stylized gestures, I could detect nothing that would come under the head of actual character delineation or even good mummery. If, however, I got less out of the performance than was there, I was more than outbalanced by the number of people who got a great deal more out of it than even Mei Lan-fang himself suspected. I have not heard more phony "bravos" since the first performance of the "Chauve-Souris."

FOR a comedy which is, on the face of it, just another little play about young married life, "Apron Strings" is a remarkably well-built and original piece of work. Dorrance Davis had an excellent idea in making his hero a boy whose whole life was controlled by posthumous advice from a managing mamma (she had left a series of letters to be delivered to him in the great crises of his career) and he has written it well if with slight distinction. Unfortunately the management has seen fit to advertise it as "Rabelaisian," with the slogan "You May Blush a Little But You'll Laugh Deliriously." It is *not* Rabelaisian and, if you are even a quarter-wit, you will not blush.

The cast of "Apron Strings" is a good one and well directed. In years of service, it is headed by the veteran Jefferson De Angelis, who, in the past few seasons, has been becoming a popular favorite just as if he hadn't already been one years ago. At the other end of the service list, but with almost the poise and stage-presence of a veteran, is Miss Audray Dale, who is making her début in Broadway drama in "Apron Strings." She is the most promising of all the young stage-wives who have been leaving their stage-husbands this season. Roger Pryor has the ungrateful job of making the hero seem bad enough to be left, and he not only does that but makes him likeable at the same time. When you come right down to it, there seem to be several remarkably good points about "Apron Strings."

THE chief interest shown by the uninitiated in "The Infinite Shoeblack" is in trying to find out what the hell an "infinite shoeblack" may be. Well, clients, it is taken from a tidbit of Mr. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" in which it is claimed that "the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe" cannot make one shoeblack happy because "Man's happiness . . . comes of his greatness . . . because there is an Infinite in him which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the Finite." Now you know what an "infinite shoeblack" is.

Although the designation "shoeblack" fits none of the characters concerned in the play by any construction whatsoever, we find that the "infinite" business can be pushed a little too far and that certain finite considerations, such as sunlight and sofa cushions, are necessary to a young type of human animal. The young Scotchman who tries to make an exotic female plant grow in the heavy chill of Edinburgh discovers that there are other things in this world besides the Infinite, but not until the plant has died.

It is a play with moments of considerable power, marred by stretches of excess wordage and an unnecessarily long death-rattle. Leslie Banks gives a firm, honest performance as Carlyle's Edinburgh representative and Miss Helen Menken surprises everyone by not having a big emotional *crise* and by giving her comedy lines, what few there are, considerable quiet effectiveness. If about two thousand words could have been taken out of "The Infinite Shoeblack" it would have been better. As it stands, it is a worthy attempt to bring a little delicacy to Broadway.

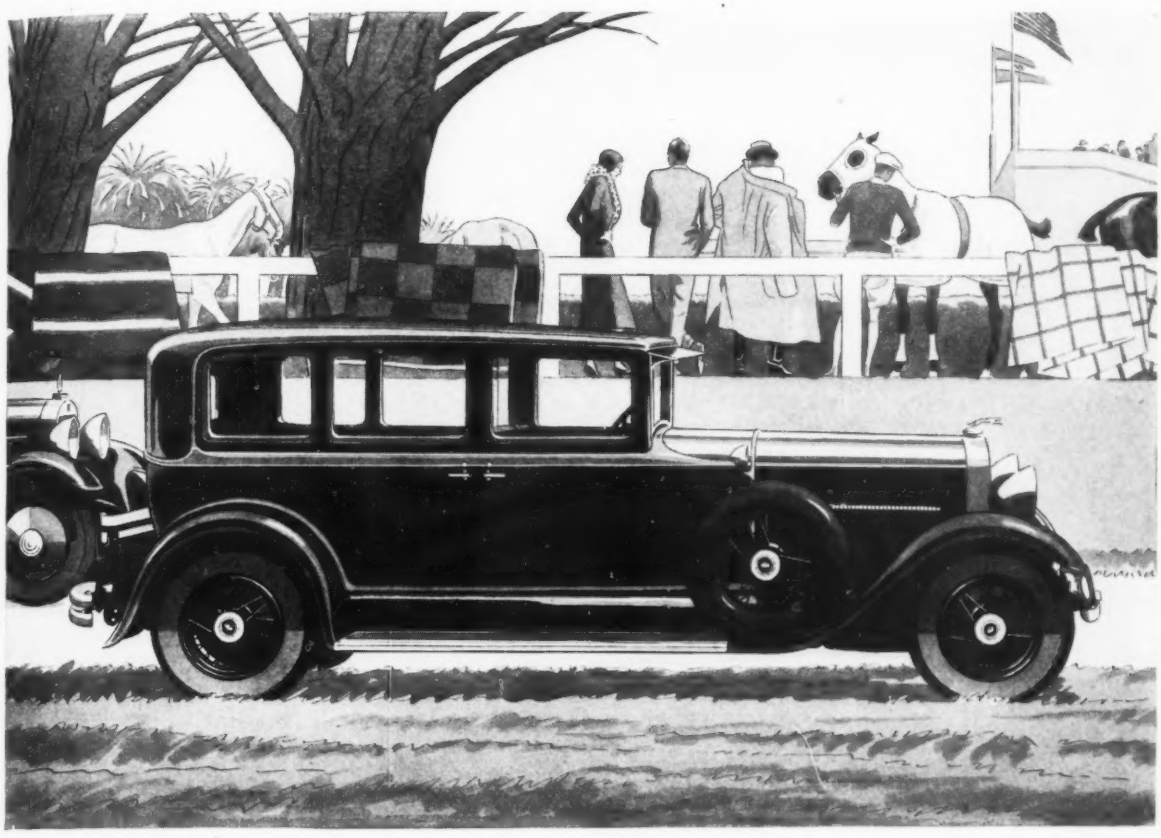
IN "Those We Love" Mr. George Abbott comes back from Hollywood (on furlough) as co-author, director, and leading man. It is good to see him again, but we could have wished a more important entrance. As actor, of course, Mr. Abbott is his old, believable self. As director, too, he has done a good job. But as playwright he has forgotten that, however good Westchester infidelities may still be for the movies, they are something less than novel as Broadway fare. There is practically nothing in "Those We Love" which those of us who have stayed in the East have not seen and heard many times in the past few years. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Sidney Howard must have been confined in the same dark projection-room in Hollywood all these months.

There *is* something in "Those We Love" which comes as a surprise even for devotees of the spoken drama. It is a boy actor who is not only unoffensive but downright delightful. Young Edwin Phillips has shot up quite a bit since he played the little Nemesis in "The Wisdom Tooth" four years ago, but he is still the white hope among our child actors and it is chiefly he who makes "Those We Love" worth seeing.

THERE were so many applauders in the audience on the opening night of "The Plutocrat" that it was a little difficult to hear the lines. Every time a quartet of tipplers sang a verse of "Sweet Adeline" there was a salvo of applause, and, as there were about five separate renditions, there were five salvos to cope with. Added to this, there was vociferous appreciation of every line which struck the author's admirers as being amusing or sage, and the author's admirers were easily and often excited. Perhaps two-thirds of the applause can be cut down at later performances, although there is very likely a large public for a play like "The Plutocrat."

Mr. Arthur Goodrich has based his comedy on Booth Tarkington's novel of the same name and has caught pretty accurately the spirit of the book, if none of its distinction. This, you will remember, was a rally to the defence of the Babbitt, and Mr. Goodrich has chosen to turn the rally into a heavy-footed countercharge. It rushes along, however, at a fast clip and there

THE LINCOLN



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are plenty of lines to please the good people who consider New York and London equally detestable and equally foreign cities. If I remember "So This Is London" correctly (I really haven't given it much thought in the past three or four years, so I may be a little rusty on the details), Mr. Goodrich has quite a pick on the British. In "The Plutocrat" it has made him write practically the only amusing part for his Sir William Broadfeather, the London meat-packer who sits quietly having tea while the rest of the cast rush about. This rôle is played so well by Walter Edwin that one suspects that he took his script home and rehearsed himself, for the direction of the rest of the cast is of an entirely different school. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn are their usual hearty selves and Suzanne Caubaye suggests a Basque Gertrude Lawrence. There are one or two terrible performances.

Among Mr. Goodrich's minor prejudices seems to be that mythical group of demons known as "the critics at the Algonquin." In the first place, he cannot keep up with the menace market or he would know that the Algonquin coterie has been practically eliminated as a sinister influence on the arts, thanks chiefly to the fact that it never existed. But, after reading the reviews of "The Plutocrat," Mr. Goodrich will have to enlarge his list of critics who are beneath contempt. In his next play he will have to take a crack at the "critics of the Algonquin, Sardi's, Dave's Blue Room, Reuben's, and Alice Foote MacDougall's."

—Robert Benchley

•

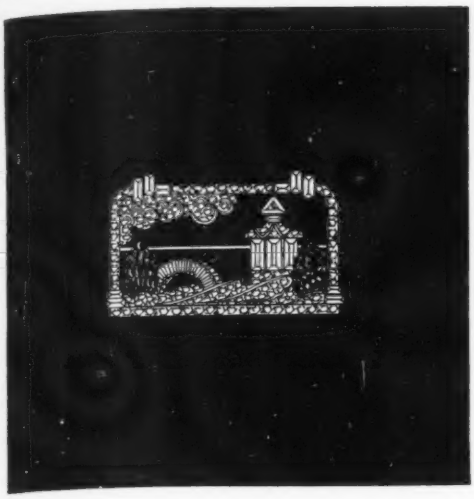
TO A GUEST

(For a Bread-and-Butter Letter)

Wherever a bird lands he sings
And brings
A bit of heaven down or preens
His wings like little evergreens
Of upward earth, combining so
The light that shines and things that grow
And all the best of all the weathers
Into a single ball of feathers.

You, sir, are personal and long,
Far too large to make a song,
Combining rightly like a bird
Only the things good to be heard—
And yet you touched a floor or chair
Or the indoors or the outdoors air
With just the presence that could float
Away upon a perfect note.

—Witter Bynner



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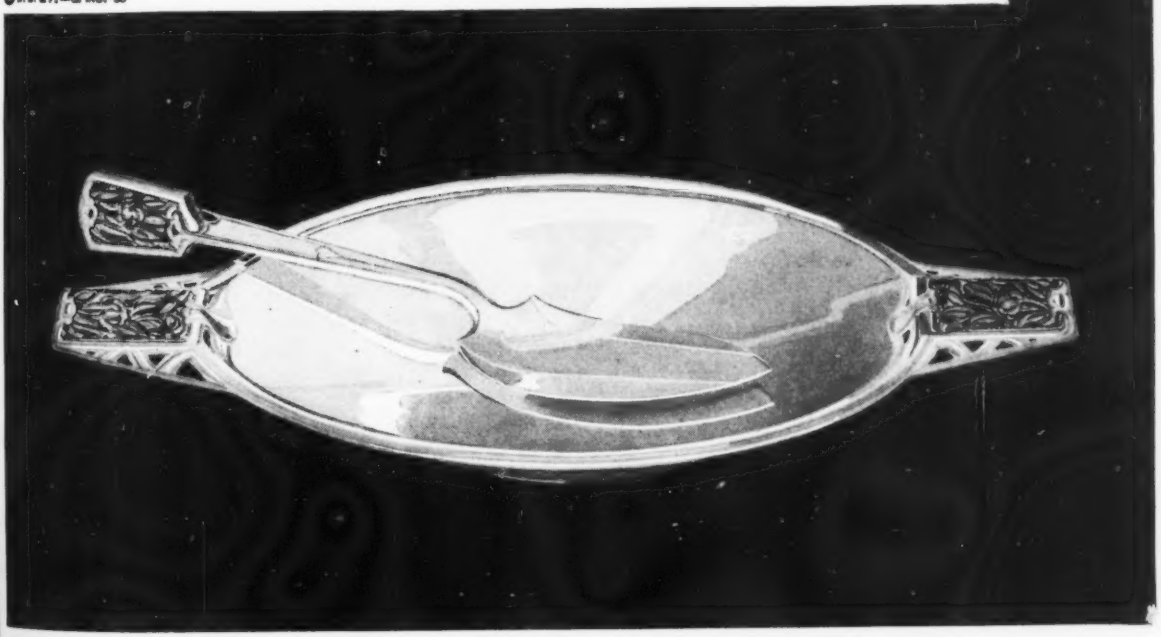

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

HISTOIRE DE FRANCE

THIS, then, is the story of Cosette and the Saint-Cyrien, much as they tell it (and these many years have been telling it) in the smoky *popotes* of the French army.

In the nineties, when one heard less ugly babel of alien tongues in the sidewalk cafés, the talk at the *apéritif* hour was sure to turn sooner or later on Cosette—Mlle. Cosette of the Variétés, who was regarded by common consent as the most desirable woman in France. She was no hedged-in royal courtesan, as her possessive fellow-citizens would point out with satisfaction, but a distributed du Barry, the *chère amie* of a republic.

Her origins were misty. Some said she had been born of fisher folk at Plonbazlanec on the Brittany coast. Others preferred the tale that she was the love-child of a famous actress by a very well-known king. In any case, she was now a national legend, and in her preëminence the still bruised French people found in some curious way a balm for their wounded self-esteem. Her photographs, which usually showed her sitting piquantly on a café table, were cut from *L'Illustration* and pinned up in every barracks. Every French lad dreamed of her, and every right-minded French girl quite understood that her sweetheart was saying in effect, "Since I cannot hope to have Cosette, will you come to the river's edge at sundown?" Quite understood, and did not blame him.

Everyone had seen the pictures of Cosette's tiny, vine-hung villa at Saint-Cloud, with its high garden wall and its twittering aviary. And even those for whom that wall was hopelessly high took morbid pride in a persistent detail of the legend which said that no man was ever a guest there for the night who could not bring five thousand francs with him. This was in the nineties, mind you, when francs were francs, and men—by a coincidence then more dependable—were men.

THE peasant blend of charm and thrift in Cosette filled the cadets at Saint-Cyr with a gentle melancholy. In their twilight hours of relaxation they talked it over, and all thought it a sorrowful thing that, so wretched is the soldier's pittance, not one of those who must some day direct the great *Revanche* would ever carry into battle a memory of the fairest woman in France. For what cadet could hope to raise five thousand francs? It was very sad. But, cried one of their number, his voice shaking, his eyes alight, there were a thousand students at Saint-Cyr, and not one among them so lacking in resource that he could not, if given time, manage to raise at least five francs.

That was how the Cosette Sweepstakes were started. There followed then all the anxious distraction of ways and means, with such Spartan exploits in self-denial, such Damon-and-Pythias borrowings, such flagrant letters of perjured appeal to unsuspecting aunts and godmothers, as Saint-Cyr had never known. But by the appointed time the last man had his, or somebody's, five francs.

The drawing of numbers was well under way when a perplexed instructor stumbled on the proceedings and reported his discovery to the Commandant. When the old General heard the story he was so profoundly moved that it was some time before he spoke.

"The lad who wins the lottery," he said at last, "will be the envy of his generation. But the lad who conceived the idea—ah, he, my friend, will some day be a Marshal of France!"

Then he fell to laughing at the thought of the starry-eyed youngster arriving at the stage door of the Variétés with nothing but his youth and his entrance fee. The innocent budget had made no provision for the trip to Paris, none for a carriage, a bouquet, perhaps a supper party. The Commandant said that he would wish to meet this margin of contingency from his own fatherly pocket.

"There will be extras," he said. "Let the young rascal who wins be sent to me before he leaves for Paris."

It was a cadet from the Vendée who reported to the Commandant next afternoon—very trim in his red breeches and blue tunic, his white gloves spotless, his white cockade jaunty, his heart in his mouth. The Commandant said no word to him, but put a little purse of gold *louis* in his hand, kissed him on both cheeks in benediction, and stood at his window, moist-eyed and chuckling, to watch until the white cockade disappeared down the avenue of trees.

THE sunlight, latticed by the *jalousies*, was making a gay pattern on Cosette's carpet the next morning when she sat up and meditated on the day which stretched ahead of her. Her little cadet was cradled in a sweet, dreamless sleep, and it touched her rather to see how preposterously young he was. Indeed, it quite set her thinking of her early days, and how she had come up in the world. Then she began speculating on *his* early days, realized with a pang that he was still in the midst of them, and suddenly grew puzzled. Being a woman of action, she prodded him.

"Listen, my old one," she said, "how did a cadet at Saint-Cyr ever get hold of five thousand francs?"

Thus abruptly questioned, he lost his head and blurted out the tale of the sweepstakes. Perhaps he felt it could do no harm now, and anyway she listened so avidly, with such flattering little gasps of surprise and such sunny ripples of laughter, that he quite warmed to his story. When he came to the part about the Commandant, she rose and strode up and down, the lace of her peignoir fluttering behind her, tears in her violet eyes.

"Saint-Cyr has paid me the prettiest compliment I have ever known," she said, "and I am the proudest woman in France this day. But surely I must do my part. You shall go back and tell them all that Cosette is a woman of sentiment. When you are an old, old man in the Vendée you shall tell your grandchildren that once in your youth you knew the dearest favors in France, and they cost you not a sou. Not a sou."

At that she hauled open the little drawer where he had seen her lock up the lottery receipts the night before.

"Here," she said, with a lovely gesture. "I give you back your money."

And she handed him his five francs.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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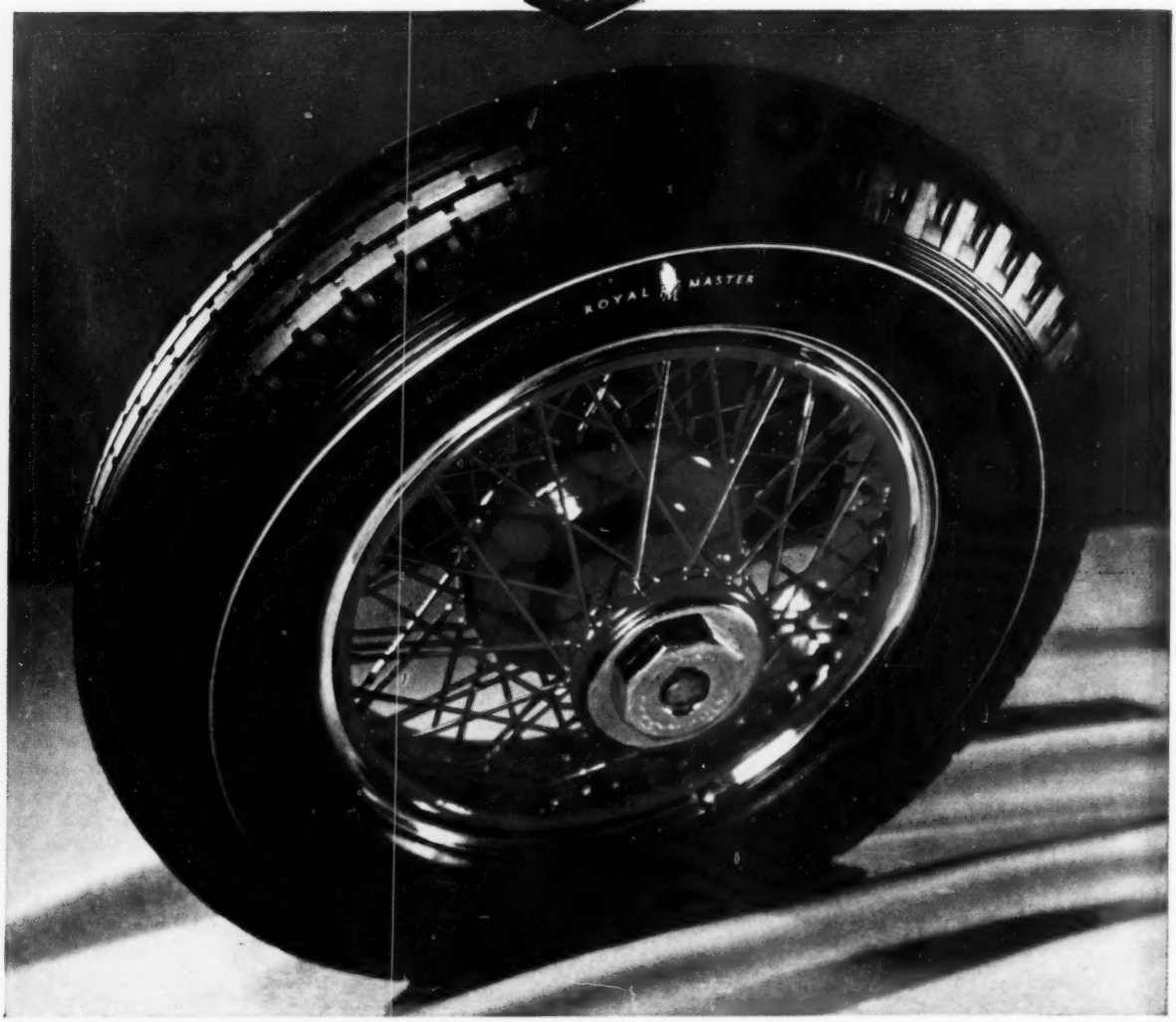

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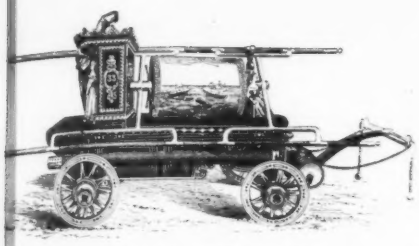
THAT WAS NEW YORK

IV—DRESSED UP LIKE A FIRE ENGINE



BLACK JOKE ENGINE

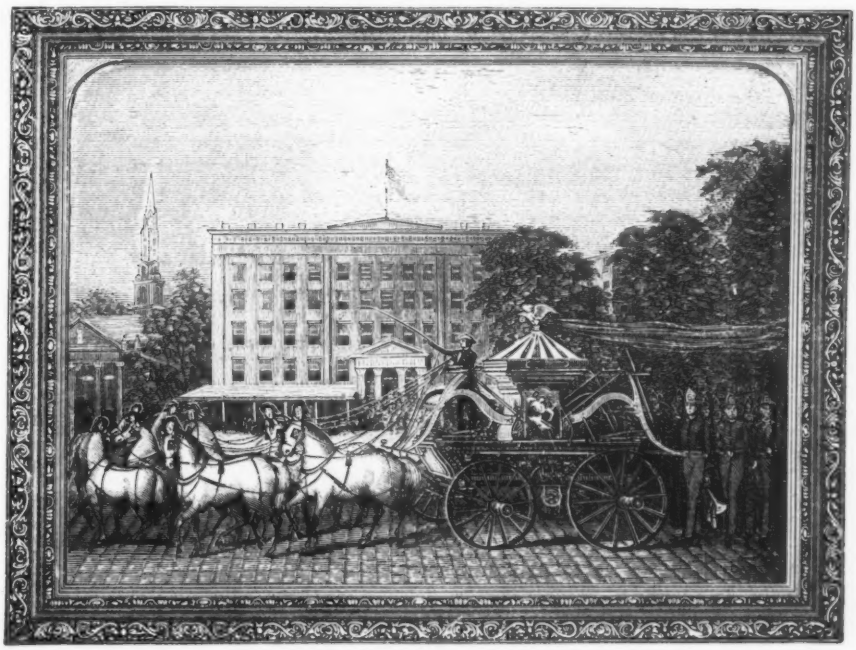
THE most notable characteristic of the old-time volunteer fireman was the great pride and affection, amounting almost to worship, in which he held his engine, hose cart, or hook-and-ladder truck. This was especially true of a member of an engine company, for more than any other type of apparatus an engine seemed very human and alive. The fireman always spoke of his machine as feminine, just as a sailor speaks of his ship, and expressed his adoration in terms of paint. The more he loved his engine the greater was his desire to ornament it with brightly colored pictures, and until the introduction of steamers made fire-fighting more of a business and less of a romantic adventure, the fire engine was the gaudiest vehicle in Christendom.

The practice of ornamenting fire apparatus, out of which grew the expression "all dressed up like a fire engine," began in 1796, when a wreath of roses was painted on the back and panels of Engine No. 15. Within the next half-century the custom became so popular that there was scarcely a fire engine or hose cart in New York that was not gorgeously adorned with paintings; and the metal fittings were commonly plated with gold or silver. One of the most highly decorated engines of the period which preceded the disbanding of the Volunteers in 1865 was Niagara No. 4. The box was white, trimmed in gold, and the wheels were blue and gilt. The levers were blue also, and the whole was neatly ornamented with scrolls and other designs. On the condenser case were two mottoes, "Duty Our Pleasure" and "Ever Ready, Ever Willing," and as if that were not enough the case also bore four paintings, one of a waterspout, and three of Niagara Falls as seen from various angles. On the back of the machine was a painting of a prairie fire, while all the carved work was inlaid with solid gold.

Of the hose carts, perhaps the most lavishly ornamented was the elegant vehicle rolled by the firemen of Columbian Hose Company No. 9. Because of its silver-plated tongue and fittings, the cart was popularly known as Old Silver Nine, and when it whirled through the streets its admirers set up a cry of "Come, ye Old Silver Nine." A. P. Moriarty, a popular landscape painter, was commissioned to decorate the carriage, and was instructed by a special committee to go the limit. Apparently he did so. The body of No. 9 was a rich plum color, and the running gear brown, with gold, red, and white stripes. On the right panel of the hose reel was a handsome design entitled "The Guardian Angels," which showed two angels hovering over a slumbering child; and on the left panel Professor Moriarty had spread himself on "Repose," depicting a group of lazy females lounging in the shade of a cluster of trees. On the back box was a painting of the Firemen's Monument in Greenwood Cemetery, with the motto "We Cherish Their Memory."

The most elaborately decorated machines were always displayed at the Firemen's Ball, a popular social event until the function was abandoned in 1873, and were often sent to other cities for exhibition. Frequently the companies had their apparatus especially ornamented for parades, and for torchlight processions added such appropriate effects as Roman candles, reflectors, and wild animals. Engine No. 5, Old Honey Bee, always rolled in the night pageants with an illuminated beehive swung between her brakes, and Hook & Ladder Company No. 4 invariably exhibited a wild eagle chained to the ladders.

WHEN a fire engine or hose cart was officially put in service, the men who ran with it held a special meeting and solemnly christened their new darling, usually with some such patriotic or historical name as Hudson, Lady Washington, Americus, Lafayette, etc. There were, however, exceptions, for sometimes the firemen named their machines in honor of famous fire heroes and other persons in the public eye, or to commemorate events of great interest. For example, when on June 14, 1849, the celebrated racing mare, Lady Suffolk, trotted a mile in the then remarkable time of 2:26, the name of Atlantic Hose Company was promptly changed to Lady Suffolk Hose Company, and a picture



BIG SIX ON PARADE

in keeping

There is a very tangible delight in the appointments of the dining table—in snowy napery, tasteful china, exquisite candelabra. And the smart hostess brings the same good taste that dictates these appointments, to the selection of the *condiments* that go with the delicate foods she serves.

Sweet little gherkins, so spicy, crisp, and tender; or tasty bits of cauliflower in a tangy mustard sauce. Plump queen olives, luscious with the happy flavors of Spanish sunshine. Delightful dainties — so appetizing that they give new piquancy to any food . . . zest to any occasions where foods are served!

And so on smart tables you will find these and other Heinz condiments . . . because their delightful flavor and goodness have made them indispensible to hostesses . . . because their quality is in keeping with the appointments of her table. • • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

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57

SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES

Heinz Queen Olives • Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
Heinz Sandwich Relish • Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickles • Heinz Sweet Pickles

of the trotter was painted on the panels of the cart.

Croton Engine Company was so designated in honor of the opening of the Croton Aqueduct, and Black Joke Engine No. 33 commemorated the valiant deeds performed during the War of 1812 by a privateer of that name. When No. 33 was organized in 1807 the company ran an engine which was called Old Bombazula, and was handsomely decorated with pictures of the Three Graces. Old Bombazula was burned at a shipyard fire in 1824, and when the question of naming a new engine came up at a company meeting, a lady who was a descendant of the Gouverneur family offered the firemen a golden trumpet if they would call it Lady Gouverneur. But a vote was taken, and Black Joke won by an overwhelming majority. The members of the company assessed themselves and commissioned an artist to paint the engine a glossy black with gold stripes, and emblazon upon the box a picture of the privateer capturing two merchantmen.

The members of the Black Joke Company, among them Tom Hyer, the famous pugilist, were noted brawlers and engaged in many combats with other engine companies. Late in 1843 Black Joke's enemies announced that they intended to tear down the gold eagle with which No. 33's engine in Gouverneur Street was decorated, and late in the afternoon of Christmas Eve they marched, several hundred strong, upon the engine house. They quickly retreated, though, when the firemen of No. 33 opened the door and shoved out a loaded howitzer, threatening to fire if their eagle was disturbed. The invaders then turned their attention to Samuel Dunlop's Ten to One Tavern, across the street and a favorite resort of No. 33's firemen. A fireman on the roof of the tavern fired a musket, but his aim was poor

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COSTUME!

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Chesterfield's better taste is the result of sticking to that one job — making a good smoke. Day after day, Chesterfield will give you added enjoyment — sparkling flavor, refreshing mildness, fragrant "character", unfailing good taste — simply because the thing you want in a cigarette is exactly what we work for:

TASTE *above everything*

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MILD, yes . . . and yet **THEY SATISFY**

XUM

PEGGY SAGE . . . the smart salon for manicures . . . the most distinguished clients . . . other salons for the seasons . . . at Palm Beach . . . Easthampton . . . Southampton. Very studied manicures . . . You must, unfortunately, schedule your appointments two days in advance (at least, if you are a new customer and live in town). 50 East 57th Street, New York . . . Phone Wickersham 5198.

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and the bullet went through a window across the way and grazed the nose of a doctor, who was lying in bed. The shot attracted the police, who dispersed the firemen, collected thirteen muskets from the roof of the tavern, and confiscated the howitzer.

AFTER an engine had rolled to a few fires it received a sobriquet, through its own peculiarities or those of the men who manned its brakes, by which it was popularly known. Empire Engine No. 42 was called Old Hay-Wagon and Man-Killer because of its ungainly appearance and the fact that only strong men could operate it. The first engine company organized in New York, Hudson No. 1, which ran one of the machines imported from London in 1731, was called Hayseed for many years because its engine house was a small shed in the middle of a hayfield. The firemen of Jefferson Engine Company No. 26 wore a blue uniform and had the body of their machine painted a bright blue, so they were called Blue Boys. They were very proud of the appellation, and whenever they rolled through the streets or worked at the brakes they shouted in unison, "True Blue never fades!"

Americus Engine No. 6, a double-decker that weighed forty-two hundred pounds, was called Big Six. Big Six was the company of which William M. Tweed was foreman, and the engine bore emblazoned on its back and on its banners the tiger that was later appropriated by Tammany Hall. For some years Big Six lay in Henry Street, in a fine big house, where the firemen gave dinners, and on Saturday night distributed fish, chicken, and eel chowder to all comers. The particular enemy of Big Six was Clinton Engine Company No. 41. These companies had many races and a few actual fights, and were always trying to outdo each other. Once Big Six at its annual election of officers added an assistant secretary to its personnel, and the next day a poet of No. 41 produced the following, which his fellows roared mightily as they raced Big Six to a fire:

Number Six has come on deck
With a new assistant sec.,
Do ye mind?
He's as dirty as its water,
Tho' he thinks himself a snorter,
But he really hadn't oughter,
Do ye mind?

Live Oak Engine No. 44, stationed in Houston Street and manned principally by shipyard workers, received her

John Held, Jr. *likes his coffee* **fresh** *as Youth . .*

Fresh, tantalizing, cheering, delicious, desirable as John Held's subjects — Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee. And as frequently roasted!

John Held says, "They should be fresh, fragrant and hot, coffee and girls."

His drawings and writings express modern youth.

Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee **exemplifies** modern luxury—freshly roasted coffee delivered twice weekly, like perishable foods.

Youths are dated far in advance . . . but this delectable coffee is dated for **only 10 days . . .** then is replaced by fresh—which sometimes happens to the flapper, too!

For 65 years Chase & Sanborn's smooth, mellow, clear **coffee** has delighted New England epicures.

Now, by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., it can be procured in **dated** cans from your grocer.

The date he gets it is plainly marked on the label of each can. So you are **sure** its aromatic oils will not be dissipated when it greets your eager nostrils.

Serve Chase and Sanborn's coffee tomorrow morning as John Held depicts youth—hot, **fresh,** and fragrant!

LOOK FOR THE *date* **ON THE CAN**

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

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Let's Have a Little More Coupon Clipping

IT has come to our attention that the good old pastime of coupon-clipping is being discarded for safer and more effeminate diversions.

We hate to see it go. There's something truly sporting about clipping a coupon. You never know what will happen. For instance, you could spend Sunday night clipping coupons and on Thursday morning the postman would present you with a travel booklet, a seed catalogue, a sample box of breakfast food, a pair of rubber boots (for ten days' trial) and a pamphlet telling you how to earn $1.50 an hour in your spare time. And that was only the beginning of the fun. From then on you could always expect some pleasant little surprise from the postman —some loving remembrance from your new-found and thoughtful friends.

In order to keep alive this manly sport and its fine old traditions we have decided to prepare some coupons ourself. To all those who enter into the spirit of the thing and fill out and clip these coupons we offer, as a handsome reward, at least 52 copies of The New Yorker, and maybe more, depending on which square you check.

This means that every Friday morning the postman will hand you a neatly wrapped magazine with your own name spelled correctly on the wrapper. You're apt to find 'most anything inside—that's part of the fun. Then, when you're all through reading it, it's nice to know that you still have the latest copy of The New Yorker lying around to impress your friends or to put on a chair when you want to stand on it.

And all for clipping a coupon! Of course, there's a small charge of $5.00 which will be used in the preparing of more coupons and the keeping alive of this excellent custom. Just so there would be no excuse for your getting lax and not cooperating, we have wisely arranged our coupon so that you can have The New Yorker sent to a friend in case you are already receiving it.

D-3-1

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for which I enclose check for $ .....as indicated above.

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Check here if a gift subscription ☐ and gift notice will be sent recipient.

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(Postage: Canada, 50c. Foreign, $1.00 additional a year.)

nickname of Old Turk in this wise:

In 1830 Henry Eckford, an enterprising shipbuilder, took several members of the company to Constantinople to work on a contract, and when they returned they were hailed by their fellows as Turks. One, named Russell, who had let his hair and whiskers grow, and affected a fez, was called Old Turk, and within a few months the name was generally applied to the entire company. The firemen were very proud of the sobriquet, and on the panels of their engine carved the figures of two fully dressed Turks armed with immense sabres, while behind them was a great cloud in which Oriental ladies floated. On the back of the machine, as a concession to western civilization, was painted an American lady, also fully dressed, and below her, the company's motto: "Extinguish One Flame and Cherish Another."

Old Turk was also known, occasionally, as the Singing Engine, because of the profusion of vocal artists among its members. The most famous of them appears to have been Frank Walton, a tall sawyer who was known as the Minstrel Boy of the Sawpit, and Old Turk's Mocking Bird. The most celebrated of all the Old Turks, however, and one whose name will even yet awaken fond memories within the breasts of the few remaining old-time firemen, was Frank Clark, whose hour of greatest triumph came when he led Old Turk in President Pierce's inaugural parade.

Clark became foreman of the company about 1847, and a year later he was married. After the ceremony he and his bride started for their new home, but when they were within a few feet of the door the fire bell rang. Clark immediately abandoned his bride, dashed to the engine house and picked up his trumpet, and led Old Turk to the conflagration in his wedding suit. He did not see his bride again for three days, and she, not having a key to the house, was compelled to return to her parents. When Clark was chided for his conduct he replied: "What wus a feller goin' to do? Let old Forty-four get passed?" —HERBERT ASBURY

(This is the fourth of a series of articles on the history of fire-fighting in New York.)

•

"Adventure is merely making dreams come true."—*Richard Halliburton in the Knoxville News-Sentinel.*

Dreams come true, and publishers come through.

XUM

La femme avisée sait que le coeur de l'homme s'ouvre aux contacts, aux odeurs, surtout – Alors – comme Eve parmi ses fleurs – elle conclut que l'élément le plus important de son costume, c'est le parfum – !

Lenthéric PARIS
Ses Parfums

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ARROW TRUMP SHIRTS

ARROW'S MOST POPULAR BROADCLOTH IS NOW (*through a marvelous new patented process*) **GUARANTEED FOR PERMANENT FIT!**

——AND BESIDES ITS FAMOUS WHITE (*of which you bought* 1,500,000 *last year*) **TRUMP IS NOW READY IN RICH COLORS GUARANTEED FAST COLORS, OF COURSE**

ARROW has discovered and patented a new process ("Sanforized") to take the "shrink" out of fine fabric. It absolutely guarantees for permanent fit, your collar, your sleeves, and the length of your shirt. The "Sanforized" process is applied first to the Arrow Trump Shirt, of fine broadcloth. You can now buy your correct size, for Trump is *guaranteed for permanent fit.* This unqualified guarantee covers not only the brilliant white, but all new color shades—all of which, of course, have genuine Arrow Collars tailored on them. Trump *fits*—keeps on fitting, *perfectly*—or else you get your money back. At $1.95 (for the white) and $2.15 (for the colors) your shirt wardrobe can be as thrifty as it is varied. Only Arrow owns this process; only Arrow could make and keep so bold and flat a promise of fit; only Arrow could quote you so low a price for "so much shirt" as Trump. Arrow, in short, *earns* your confidence with *value* and holds it with performance and style.

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BOYD *with its full, smart-looking points* (3¼") *is a very becoming style to wear with* TRUMP *neckband. 25 cents each, one dozen for $2.75.*

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XUM

INDOOR POLO

Players and the Pony — Tanbark Names — The Perfect Alibi

AMONG the most favored of the knowing remarks always made when discussions of England's difficulties in regaining the International polo cup arise is the one which goes: "Oh, but you see—the Englishman plays polo to ride. The American rides to play polo." This is supposed to imply that the horse is everything to the English player but merely incidental to the American. It is not easy to cling to this theory, though, after watching even one game in the company of a player of the first rank.

IF you go into the uptown side of the Squadron A ring you might stop, just a few feet after reaching the enclosure itself, at the little bare space where there are no seats and where the players of the later games stand to watch the early ones. Backed against the iron railings, sometimes climbing on them to peer toward the far end, may be Cyril Harrison, the ranking player of the New York Athletic Club. To the left of him may be Lieutenant McDonald Jones. The Guests, growing more and more to look like each other, will probably wander in. At the centre of the group will be the short figure of George Sherman, who refuses to become a veteran by the simple expedient of continuing to play aggressively with young men who were in school when he played his first polo.

It is not hard to gather what they are thinking about as the play swings up and down the tanbark a few feet away. It is a general conversation, a sort of talking to oneself which anybody may join; and it is, from beginning to end, a discussion of horses. "Look at that little beggar go! She's playing a game tonight," someone exclaims as a Riding Club player goes through on the ball. They ask how various young mares are coming along. One of the group leans across and wants to know if that is the little mare So-and-So brought up from Virginia. No, it's the one What's-his-name had two years ago and didn't

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ARE YOU an unselfish person who has always wanted monogrammed Handkerchiefs, given dozens as gifts yet never had any given to you—and never got around to ordering them for yourself? Here's your chance. Two smart styles are illustrated. McCutcheon's has many others from which to choose.

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[THE JOYOUS MOMENT]

When you are dealt three
of a kind . . conceal your joy . .
Très bien (pronounced très bien)

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Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

play the past season. Before they are through they will have mentioned at least a half-dozen mares. Sherman says that he lost his today. "She'd hung on since the first week in December. Pneumonia." Winston Guest turns away from the game a moment to assure himself that Sherman has not lost Judy. Guest played Judy in one memorable period last year. He then goes on to tell anyone who will listen about a new pony who is going great guns now.

A PERIOD ends, and Tom Ewing rides slowly by to the picket gate, astride a light little chestnut gelding that has been as fast as a scared jackrabbit all through the period. Someone asks him what its name is. "I call him Lightfoot," he says, as he throws his off foot over the pony's neck, polo-player fashion, and drops to the ground.

The chances most likely are that no pony called Lightfoot would be found registered under the ownership of Mr. Ewing. It is probably down under an entirely different name. Polo players have a habit of giving their ponies titles quite different from those by which they were christened. New owners are apt to change the names, and sometimes the new ones are given in the fashion by which one came to a famous international pony a good many years ago. Mike Stevenson played it a period. Then, when he came in to the picket lines afterward, the owner asked how it went. "Holy Smoke!" said Stevenson. The pony was Holy Smoke after that for the rest of its career.

CERTAINLY the horse is never forgotten by the losing side in polo, indoors or out. There is no game in the world which provides such a superb alibi. This or that pony didn't "go" tonight. The explanation is given for missed shots or even for the defeat of an entire team. There never yet has been a horse that could argue back.

—MARTINGALE

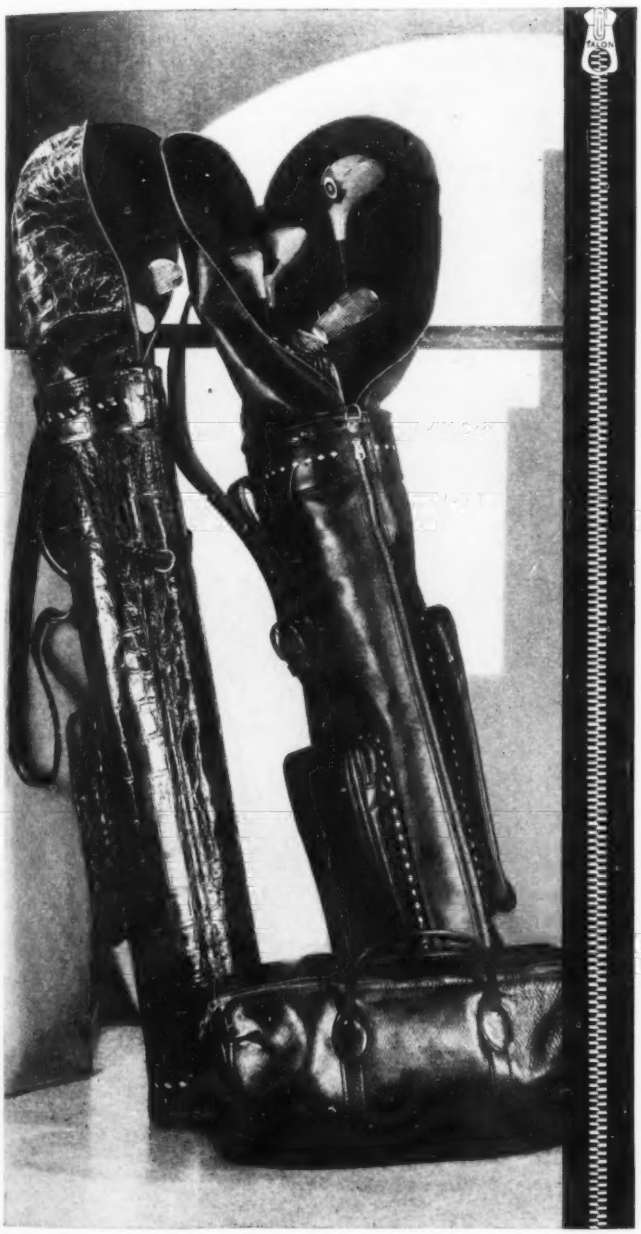
•

Officials of the Savoy Plaza Hotel disclosed last night that Mrs. Leonie Ulman, wife of Michael Ulman, a wealthy Polish landowner, had lost a $25,000 diamond necklace while she was staying in the hotel last month. The Ulans with their daughter and a party of friends arrived here on the Bremen last Dec. 13. During her two weeks' stay in this city Mrs. Ulam took the precaution of depositing her jewels in a strong box. The Llam's home is in Paris.—*The Times.*

All the Names That Are Fit to Print.

PERFECT "FORM" IN GOLFING THINGS

REALIZED WITH THESE NEW SLIDE FASTENINGS



CADDY BAGS, carryalls and sports clothing fitted with the very smart Talon Slide Fasteners have a flatteringly professional air. These Fasteners give things a smoothly tailored appearance. They make a continuous closure that offers absolute security against the hardest wear. They don't rust. And they *always* behave perfectly. Talon Slide Fasteners at least give your game the moral support of equipment perfect in form.

Look for the name TALON or Hookless on the slider pull just as carefully as you look for the maker's name on your pet midiron or mashie.

Left

WITH a Talon-fastened hood and pockets (and what spacious pockets), these two golf bags—one of alligator skin and one of black leather—will heighten the morale of any golfer! The indispensable carryall bag, too, takes on a fresh smartness with its neat Talon Slide Fastener.

From
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Above

THE tweed skirt introduces an interesting new note. Its Talon closing gives the flat tailored appearance so essential to a fashion-right sports outfit.

Left and above

No wonder chamois jackets are so important this season, when they fasten smartly and expertly with a Talon Slide Fastener.

From
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. THE ORIGINAL SLIDE FASTENER The Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pennsylvania

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

KNOWING that you are all panting to learn how the better half lives, I herewith print two letters, one from the sunny South (intimate insults from friend to friend are omitted) and one businesslike report on the big doings in Paris, France. This department, as you can easily see, is resting up a bit for the rush of clothes that will be hurled upon it for the next few weeks.

PALM BEACH, FEB. 24

YOU MONSTER:

PALM BEACH couldn't be colder—it is undoubtedly working itself up into a big blizzard number—and it couldn't be more fun. It is simply jammed with those rotogravure idols that the likes of you can only gaze on from afar, and there are lots of English people who are not too haw-haw. Also, there are much fewer hotel visitors from Des Moines than usual, which makes for greater chic. No one but them ever heard of trailing around in pink chiffon in the daytime. There have been some marvellous private parties, at one of which the enraptured guests rode around the potted palms on bicycles and couldn't find their shoes when it was time to go home—just like a Warner Fabian novel.

The skirts in the daytime are just the same darn length they always were on the majority of people. Better come down—your last summer's clothes will do, no matter what you are told in New York. They have discovered berets here, pretty belatedly, and wear them all day long, in chenille and felt and knitted stuff and silk and straw. Skirts are long, trailing, and lissom at night; black predominates; there are the usual boring printed chiffons. One wears one's ermine coat over these, deah, when going to Bradley's or the Colony Club.

The Bath and Tennis Club has gone Antibes, the old copycat. What there is of it, I mean—it is just deserted. Very masculine shorts and low-backed jersey tops for swimming, or else one-piece jersey swimming suits in pastel colors from Saks—*too* lovely. Lots of espadrilles for the tootsies; lots of white duck or jersey pants cut like a man's with tuck-in sweaters or shirts or whatever is on hand.

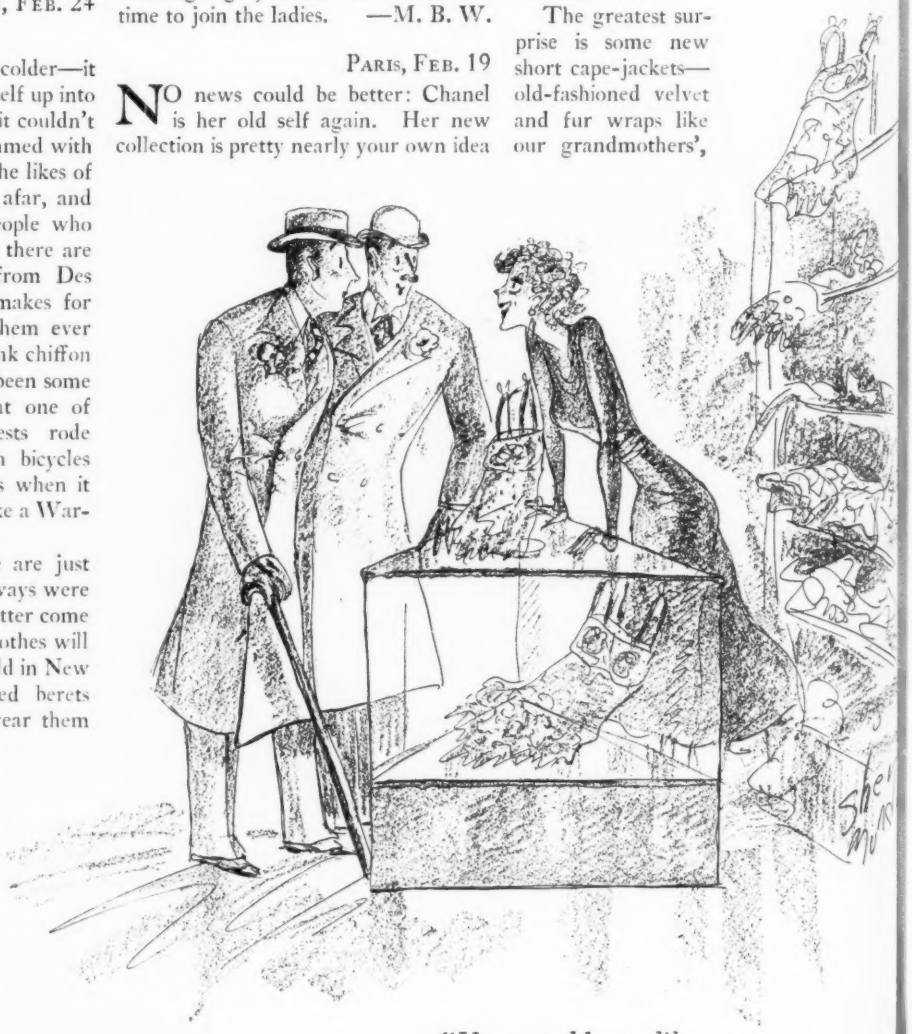
However, it is the men who look too divine at this point. Charlie Munn started off the vogue for the gents to wear bright dark-blue shirts with soft collars and red ties. I know it sounds awful, but they look so smart you almost die, what with the languorous climate and all. The shirts have short sleeves, and they play golf in them, donning a gray flannel coat when it is time to join the ladies. —M. B. W.

PARIS, FEB. 19

NO news could be better: Chanel is her old self again. Her new collection is pretty nearly your own idea of the sort of clothes you'd want yourself—evening dresses that carry the sensationalism of long skirts in tulle and lace, and day clothes completely American in purpose and French in conception.

Materials—need I say it?—are Chanel's own tweeds and tweed-jerseys garnished with lingerie collars, cuffs, vests, and bow ties in the established Chanel manner. The snip finish, introduced last year, is in evidence everywhere, including woollens and silks as well as piqué. There is cutwork, too, on printed crêpe and chiffon afternoon and evening dresses, naïve roses and carnations being applied laboriously to hems, necklines, and sleeves. Only a great designer would dare to be so childlike.

The greatest surprise is some new short cape-jackets—old-fashioned velvet and fur wraps like our grandmothers',



"How would you like a nice little domestic handmade?"

☆

An Impression

OF BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA

Bergdorf Goodman's spring opening catches the exhilaration of the season. It presents brilliant Paris innovations just brought back by their staff, as well as several hundred original and exclusive Bergdorf Goodman creations. This most important collection is as utterly new as spring on the Plaza.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

Now in the Spotlights

TILLY LOSCH, the incomparable Viennese now dancing in *Wake Up and Dream*, says: "Stage stars know their appearance is watched by critical eyes wherever they are. I find Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin marvelously refreshed."

JUNE WALKER, starring most effectively in *Waterloo Bridge*, says: "No matter how busy a stage star is, she never neglects her complexion. I find Lux Toilet Soap gentle and soothing. That's why I'm so very enthusiastic about it."

MARY ELLIS, who began her career as a grand opera singer, has won an important place in our theatre through a long list of successes. Among them are *The Merchant of Venice*, *Casanova*, *The Dybbuk*, *The Taming of the Shrew* (in modern dress). Versatile and gifted actress that she is, she was deftly winsome last spring in *Meet the Prince*, and this season gives a vivid portrayal of the roguish but ravishing heroine of *Children of Darkness*.

"I have always thought a woman's charm depended largely on attractive skin. I rely on Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin perfectly smooth."

of the Broadway Hits—

These Lovely Complexions . . cared for with Lux Toilet Soap

WHO better to consult on ways to loveliness than the Broadway stars . . . the ladies whose charm keeps the white lights glowing!

Not one of them but has something interesting to say about this perennially important matter of feminine allure. Not one of them who doesn't proffer this urgent counsel:

"Keep your complexion smooth and soft. It's *important!*"

How? Use Lux Toilet Soap as they do. Use it regularly. You'll find it soothing and refreshing. You'll be delighted with the results.

In great numbers you'll find them, these beautiful stars who care for their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. So many are they, that legitimate theatres all over the country (71 of the 74 in New York!) keep this fragrant white cake always conveniently in their dressing rooms.

In Hollywood, you know, it is *official* in all the great film studios. Naturally, since 9 out of 10 screen stars use it daily at home!

And even abroad—in France, in England, in Germany—the lovely screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions above reproach.

You will want *your* complexion to have the same gentle care. Order several cakes of this fine luxurious soap and begin to enjoy it today. You'll find it leaves your skin amazingly lovely to look at and to touch.

Use it in your bath, and for your shampoo, too. It lathers quickly and generously even in the hardest water. Here's luxury such as you have found heretofore only in the finest, most expensive French soaps! You're sure to decide it's quite the nicest soap you've ever used.

(*Left*) LILY DAMITA, the engaging French screen star who this season makes her stage debut in *Sons o' guns*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives a delightful caressing lather. It's the finest way I have ever found of keeping the skin soft and smooth."

(*Right*) LINDA WATKINS, young and blonde and appealing as the ingenue of *June Moon*, says: "I love Lux Toilet Soap. I use it regularly and find it keeps the skin as smooth as one could desire."

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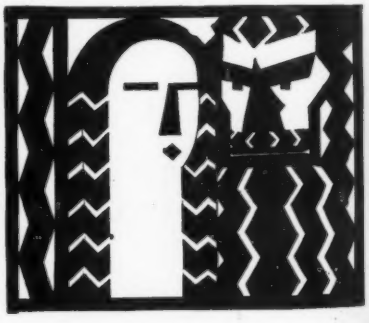
but in a 1930 version. Of black velvet lined with white moire or lovely colors like watermelon pink, powder blue, and the like. Sometimes the capes are furless and have ornate puff or bell sleeves that reach as far as the elbow. Some are lined with ermine, but rabbit will do.

As for the Chanel jewelry—there are necklaces combining rondelles, strass balls, knotted string, and hunks made knobby by varicolored stones stuck to them. The largest hunk, attached by a separate string, is worn at the side front. For day and evening dresses there are glowing strings of red and green stones—the thickness of your forefinger—that have belts studded to match.

Waistlines, chez Chanel, are the least bit lower. It is a matter dependent on your own architecture, for corsetting is taboo here. Belts are shaped at the top to fit the curve of the figure; they may be wide in the front and a mere string in the back; they may undulate in comfortable curves.

LANVIN's great idea for evening is the Greek gown, straight up and down, with round-and-round shirring. Sometimes the shirring is topped with many rows of gold-and-silver stitching, and the effect, in pale chiffons, is refreshing and unspoiled. Her evening wraps are marvels of usefulness, besides being thoroughly handsome. Many are of gold-and-silver lamé, padded and stitched; there is a pink wrap lined with pale pink rabbit which, like all the wraps shown here, is short.

It is my honest opinion that we are nearer accepting trousers than we have ever been. They appear in every kind of costume except tailor-mades. Louise-boulanger, who has always loved them, puts ankle-length foundation trousers under dance dresses of printed chiffon or lace. Satin knee-length shorts have been glimpsed under lace dancing dresses. Knee-length silk trousers lurk under the wrap-around skirt of a



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Now—simplified at last into one satiny Cream—all three of the vital steps to beauty: steps which have always seemed so long, so hard to take!

Now, too, a Powder different from any you've ever used: a Powder scientifically blended to fit the needs of your individual type of skin!

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With Pinaud's Powder, you take another new Adventure in loveliness: a powder made with basically-new ingredients . . . by a new process including actual sterilization! So pure it *soothes* instead of stimulating the sensitive skin cells—so finely adherent it literally becomes a part of you—so accurately adjusted to your individual Skin-Type that it is practically invisible! For this new Powder is made in two distinct gradations: one for "oily" type of complexion, one for the "dry." The result is unparalleled: a subtle transfiguring film which seems not to be Powder at all—but You!

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Pinaud

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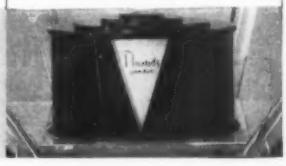

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It's Naughtycal, but Nice

Boulanger weekend suit so that you are dressed for lounging when the skirt is removed.

WORTH's collection, like his others aimed at the English aristocracy, features knee-length skirts for tailleurs and sports. Not for a long time have such interesting tailored and street clothes been seen in the grand old house of the Rue de la Paix. To amuse the public, M. Worth exhibited a chemise dress made four years ago beside a costume of today. If you are one to grumble against this year's fashions, you might try this yourself. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

WELL, it all sounds too ducky for words to this homebody. All except those satin shorts under lace dinner dresses, which I refuse to take very seriously. When you realize how most women look in shorts anyway, and ponder further on what satin does to make the curves seem curvier, you will undoubtedly come to the comfortable realization that this is no menace. Guests didn't lounge about in tweed with silk shorts at any houseparty I have ever attended, nor do I think they will ever do so. We can only wait and see how fascinatingly the idea has been put forward.

IN the meantime, New York shops are not so dumb. Even before they heard authoritatively that O'Rossen and Worth were being deluged by smart Continental women in search of the classic two-piece tailleur that has been almost lost to view for several seasons, Best was prepared to meet the demand for these here. The result is called Savile Row suits, and they couldn't be more attractive. They are tailored very simply in masculine style, with plain notched lapels; they are nipped in at the normal waistline in a swagger fashion; the shoulders are square, though not, in general, padded; and the jackets tend to be longer than usual. For these, Best is using the cream of men's suiting fabrics—sharkskins, flannels, fine woollens of all sorts. There are many different models, but my favorite had a three-button closing —the nipped-in waist referred to above —and a skirt giving a circular impression by means of unpressed pleats. Naturally, you have to have the figure for which these were designed, so look at yourself carefully from all angles and do your standing-sitting-standing performance before you purchase one.

Things like this are perfection if they fit perfectly, and only if they do. Oh, and there is a gray tweed suit here, with a two-button closing, and rounded corners in front like a man's sack coat, padded shoulders, and a dark polka-dot lining to match the blouse. You should geeva look.

As far as the blouse situation is concerned, Best has large quantities of little sleeveless handmade handkerchief-linen blouses with frills in the front, and Paris is carazee for them. Also, in a week or so (walk, do not run) numbers of the piqué blouses that have been a *succès fou* at Chanel's latest collection will be here. These come about four inches below the normal waist so that they may tuck in easily; they are fitted through the waist by darts or seams, and are close under the arms so that there will be no blouse effect; they are equipped with little tailored collars; they are sleeveless. Some are double-breasted, some have diagonal closings—almost anything goes as long as it is simple enough.

PARISIAN night-life notes, which may guide your faltering footsteps through smart society: Although every woman must own a colored evening dress, practically the only thing seen in the gay night places is black-and-white. Elaborate fabrics are practically non-existent, crêpe romas, satins, and flat crêpes being seen most often. They are still wearing evening gloves in champagne color with anything and, occasionally, black with black gowns and white with white. You may wrinkle them up over the wrist or keep them on while dancing, though this looks pretty clumsy. The mode is not by any means universal, which should cheer you up. As for jewelry, pearls have disappeared without a trace. There are lots of sets of crystal grape things, supplementing magnificent real jewelry. Prystal (that frigidaire stuff that does not break) is popular. Hair ornaments are beginning to rear their ugly heads, and there is a slight tendency to concentrate on earrings and bracelets and leave the neck bare.—L. L.

•

BERLIN, Jan. 8

EDITOR OF "VARIETY": I am writing in regard to my two children, Geraldine and Joe. Your near-sighted reporter called them midgets. The girl is eight and the boy is eleven. Mistakes should be corrected. The boy is the only one that can spin on his head like a top. CHAS. DUBOIS

Try and correct *that* mistake!

They'll never call you "Old Ironsides" *if you wear a* Mouldette

NEW YORK DEMANDS the new trim silhouette, of course. But it abhors that corseted look and feeling!

Mouldette is simply the only solution. It lifts you up and nips you in and holds you down—and it hasn't a bone or a hook or a button. It fits the way gloves did in grandma's day. But doesn't cramp your style any more than a Folies Bergère costume would.

It's all of a lovely soft shimmering fabric in flesh color.

It launders as easily as your silk vest!

It takes the place of all your upper undies — vest, brassiere, corset—so buy it like lingerie —three at a time.

And it costs so blissfully little! —about $4.00 at all the better shops and stores. Just think of that! The William Carter Co., Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.

No bones, buttons or bulkiness . . . detachable jiffy-join garters . . . inch sizes, 30 to 38, launders like lingerie.

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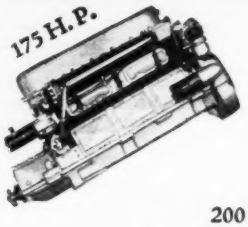

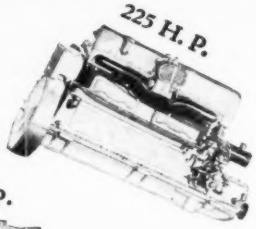

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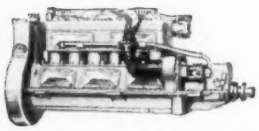

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, FEBRUARY 19

WINTER atmosphere is all about us. The taxi-drivers have assumed their cold-weather inflated appearance and the ninepence change is more difficult to produce than ever. The policemen in the streets are hugging themselves with that gesture of abandon which I have never seen in any city but my own, and which may help to explain their reputation for geniality among our visitors from across the Channel. Mr. Epstein has produced a new bust—a quite recognizable one of Paul Robeson—and Mrs. Kate Meyrick is out of prison. I mention these things just to show that life goes rollicking on.

Mrs. Kate Meyrick is a remarkable lady. She has been languishing as His Majesty's guest for the purely technical offence of bribing a policeman, to the tune of £4,000 or so, because she hated to deprive her dear patrons of drinks after midnight. We embittered Londoners have long ceased to be surprised at most things. We knew the good lady was the night-club queen. We knew her two daughters had married safely into the peerage. We were, however, quite unprepared for the really Napoleonic nature of her return. She was met at the prison gates by her two sons-in-law, taken to her flat, and given champagne. She then declined to go to bed—who wants to go to bed before seven in the morning anyway?—and went around to the Forty-three Club. They were ready to receive her; the place was a morass of flowers and pent-up emotion. It was about three o'clock when she came, and the crowd hugged and kissed her and slapped her back till she had to be given more champagne. The excitement kept up until seven, when breakfast was served—with champagne. There were cards at all the tables on which some kind soul had written: "To Mrs. Kate Meyrick, on her joyful reunion."

LONDON is a thousand and one cities, of which one of the queerest lies just behind St. Pancras Station, where Mr. Henry Croft lived. The other thousand cities knew Mr. Croft as an old gentleman of sixty-eight who was for forty years a road-sweeper before

ETTER

he retired on a pension. Now that Mr. Croft is dead it appears he was also the "King of Pearly Kings." Thousands of his loyal subjects lined the road, controlled by mounted police, to watch his funeral cortège pass. It was led by a policeman on a white horse and a band of Irish pipers playing a lament. Men and women whose clothes positively blazed with pearl buttons walked slowly behind the pipers, many of the women with the "fevvers" of Phil May's day, and some of them with astonishing crowns made of paste jewelry. The hearse was drawn by four black horses hung with purple, four pearly kings walked beside, and on the coffin, among magnificent wreaths, was his majesty's pearly top hat. Five carriages followed, and a long line of costers' carts drawn by donkeys, all caparisoned in black, with families and children all in pearlies.

In the old days this was a familiar sight in the East End of London. It belongs to the period of the "knife-edge" bus, and Phil May and Harry Furniss, and the early Pears' Soap advertisements. There was one famous advertisement in those buses: "Why live and be miserable, when you can be buried for half a crown?" Some of those old coster funerals cost £500 at least. Nobody knows why the costers wear pearlies, but the most plausible theory is that they were originally Spanish. Certainly there is something about the flared cut of the lower part of the trouser, with a row of buttons up the side, which is certainly reminiscent of the toreador.

I HAVE mentioned the ice rink at the International Sportsmen's Club in Grosvenor House. Ice rinks are not a novelty. When, however, the Palais de Danse at Hammersmith, first and foremost of all Palais de Danse, turns its parquet floor into a sheet of ice, one is bound to take notice. For the Palais de Danse was as much a London institution as the Tower. The world and his young lady danced there for half a crown; and there was a nice discrimination between the sexes, for whereas a lady instructress cost sixpence, an instructor was threepence more. This change can mean only one thing—that the people of England have danced enough. The same thing has happened at Golders Green, and will happen elsewhere. Where Hammersmith leads the others follow. —A. G.

WHILE PAPA PLUCKS a PAPAW

or lies in the shade of the Royal Gru-Gru, you can ride a bike to golf links or beach, stopping en route at Tom Moore's for a native fruit cup, and get back in time to dress for swimming, dining and dancing at your hotel—the Hamilton. You know the Hamilton has a fine outdoor pool if you prefer that to an outdoor ocean.

Besides being the largest hotel in Bermuda, the Hamilton's central location saves you lots of pedalling, and the Hamilton's appointments and service save you lots of regrets. EVERYBODY'S at the Hamilton but everybody isn't.

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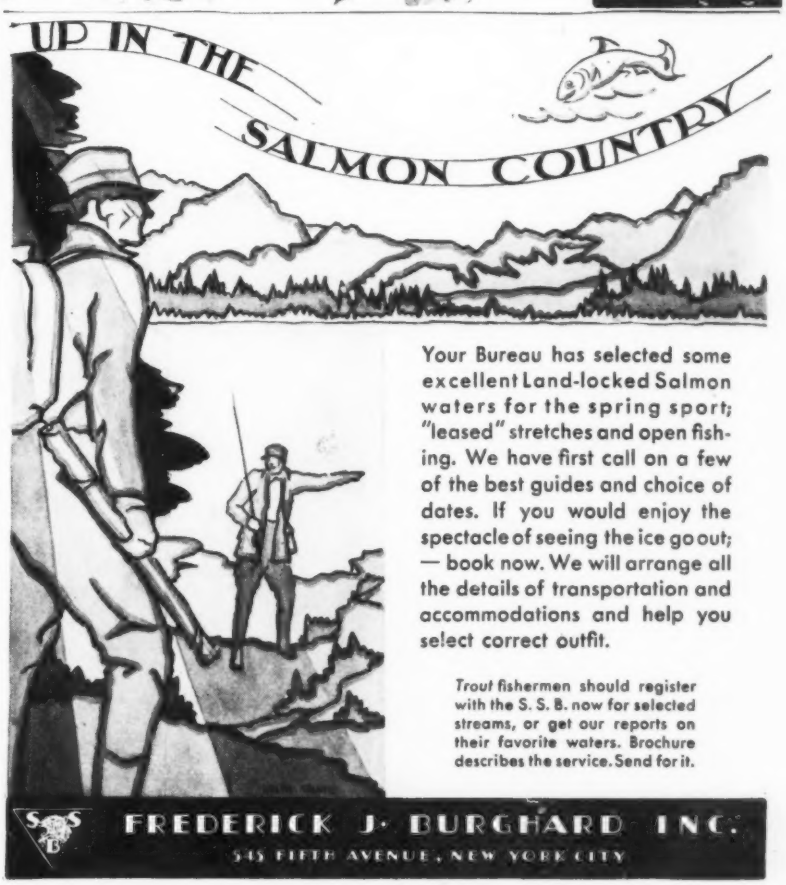

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545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

HOCKEY

What Makes Perfect Recruits — A Coach's Insult—Colonials' Pride

IT was rather surprising, after a week which began with Toronto thoroughly upsetting the Rangers and ended with the most important game of the month, against Boston, to hear Lester Patrick say that the greatest trouble his team faces at this time of year is lack of ice to practice on. A layman would suppose that the three or four games a big-league team plays every week would constitute practice enough, that between games the thing they would go for would be rest. The fact is that the Rangers, and most other teams, practice right through the season, up to the last minute before the playoffs.

THE other day I watched the Americans practice. They began at three o'clock and worked till four. There was nobody in the stands and only four of the big lights over the rink had been turned on. The ice had just been frozen, and for a few minutes every skate stroke left a new mark on its flawless surface. Every word the coach said was pounced on by some imp lurking in the concrete terraces of the stands and the empty corridors behind them—an echo that enlarged each sound and twisted it into something ominous and unintelligible. Johnnie Shepard got a long cut over his eye and there was trouble finding a doctor to stop the bleeding, but this was accepted as a commonplace incident. Valuable men are often hurt in practice, but to the coaches such incidents are unimportant compared to any gain, however slight, in the tactical ability of their forward line.

Two Minutes for Tripping

AT the beginning of the season, practice is a hard scrimmage—as long and gruelling as a regular game. At this time of year it is milder. Only the third-string men who don't get on the ice much in the games are worked hard. Second-stringers are drilled with a view to individual improvements. Plays are staged to give one man a chance to work out his defects. Usually the coach gets on the ice himself and borrows a stick from someone to show what he means. The principal value of practice right now is to teach new players, recruited to strengthen important teams for the playoffs, how to work with the fellows who have been together all season. I don't mean that the recruits have to learn a new set of plays. There are only a few in hockey, and the beauty of the game is the infinite variations given to them in execution, the way the pattern is interrupted and begun again. A hockey coach cannot dope out original and puzzling plays like a football coach, because it is impossible for him to figure any formation or moment in which his team is sure to have the puck. Nor has a hockey coach anything to teach his stars. When any combination, like the Rangers' first-string forward line of the Cooks and Frank Boucher, has been working together year after year the coach is interested merely in developing a substitute line that will relieve them adequately. Timing—the subconscious ability to know the exact spot which, after a dozen swerves and checks, will be reached by the man taking the pass—is the quality that makes a team effective, and that can be acquired only in practice. So few teams have timing which is any good at all that, in spite of having played three or four games a week for four months, coaches complain that their men don't get on the

He saved a life · · · and prevented a revolution

Famous specialist calls yeast "best intestinal purifier known · ·"

AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET . . . a great Balkan political leader at the point of death . . .

Telephone, airplane—and the noted Dr. Singer of Vienna was at the wounded statesman's bedside . . . He recovered! The gathering clouds of revolution cleared. All Europe breathed more easily, applauded.

Such astonishing feats of medical skill have marked the career of Dr. Gustav Singer, famous Austrian internal specialist. Dr. Singer says:

"The best way to suppress intestinal poisons is a good yeast. It causes constipation to disappear. Another remarkable effect is the disappearance of skin eruptions, which result from intestinal putrefaction.

"The vitamin D in yeast helps keep bones and teeth strong."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D so important for building up health after the confining months. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on the label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

What 3 noted doctors say

Another famous internal specialist, DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of the University of Berlin, says, "Yeast tones up the whole system."

The distinguished French stomach specialist, DR. GEORGES FAROY, states, "Yeast encourages digestion and overcomes constipation."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS of Copenhagen, international authority on skin diseases, says, "I invariably prescribe yeast. Its effect is incontestable."

"My doctor advised yeast to clear my system of poison"

(Right) MR. C. B. WEBBER, *of Boston, writes:* "After an illness, I still didn't feel right. My doctor said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered yeast. It did everything he said it would."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* MRS. P. J. RILEY *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely."

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Admit it now . . . you're fagged . . . no pep . . . no spontaneous mirth . . . sneezing along between colds and fevers. Is that being smart? Pack yourself off for 9, 16 or 20 days in Havana . . . where thermometers hover around a delightful summer temperature. Colds . . . neuritis . . . sciatica . . . all their unfriendly relations disappear . . . you discover a new reason for living. The sparkle and vivacity that is Havana seeps through your tired personality and you are reborn . . . to joyous, carefree days . . . soft, sweet-scented nights . . . under the Southern stars . . . and all the beauty and romance that is Havana.

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SERVICE

ice enough, and one of them last week, in the dressing-room before an important game, delivered a dramatic harangue:

"You're a bunch of yellow dogs," he said wildly and mournfully; and then, feeling a certain lack of originality in his phrase, groped for a supreme insult, and found it. "If there was a war tomorrow, not one of you would enlist."

It was a devastating line. In the dressing-room of a football team, where the diatribes of the coach are more or less taken for granted, it might not have meant much, but hockey players are accustomed to being spoken to considerately. A coach may go so far as to suggest that their playing is not up to its usual standard, he may mix criticism with lightly sarcastic comment on their tendency to personal sloth; but for him to attempt to stimulate his charges by invective is rare, and the team whose patriotism had been called into question repeated the insult with amazement and indignation.

"Coach or no coach," said one of them, "when he said that I came near popping him on the jaw."

THE professional player's insistence on nice language being used in his presence is not a matter of fastidiousness, but of pride—the pride of colonials. A boxer submits to a bawling out by his manager because he knows that it is traditional for managers to bawl out their pugs. There is no such tradition in hockey. The Canadians, who have developed the game, retain the feeling proper to freemen and territorialists that any tyranny involved in it must be self-imposed.

Hockey is a colonial's game. Every player in the National League is a colonial by descent or in his own right, though not all of them are native Canadians. Dunc Munro, of the Maroons, was born in Edinburgh. Alec Smith, of the Senators, was born in London. Billy Burch was born in Yonkers, Alec Gray in Scotland, Leroy Goldsworthy in Two Harbors, Minnesota. All of them, of course, grew up in Canada and learned to play there.

—N. B., JR.

•

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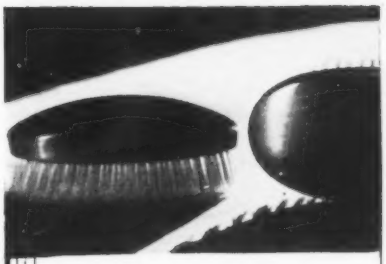
MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Novelty at the Opera — Snare Drums and Soprano—Lehar

AN unexpected novelty has turned up at the Metropolitan—nothing less than a French opera with two Frenchmen in the cast. The occasion for this phenomenon was the début in "Faust" of Antonin Trantoul, that latest Metropolitan tenor, who sang the Steinached philosopher while M. Rothier paraded his notion of Mephistopheles. "Faust," which has been as much taken for granted at the Metropolitan as the front door, suddenly took on the character of a revival. In addition to a tenor who could sing French in French, there was a new Marguerite, Miss Fleischer; a new Siebel, Miss Swarthout; and an unfamiliar Wagner, Mr. Ananian. There also was some new stage business, including the omission, if I may so put it, of the devil's hee-haw at the end of the garden scene.

Patrons who journey to Fortieth Street only when there are some new high-jinks on view trooped in to look over the rehabilitated "Faust," and found it to be somewhat shopworn. If they had seen it a year ago! However, M. Trantoul knows his way about the stage, and sometimes it's his way rather than Gounod's. He recomposed part of his first-act soliloquy and drew a hand for a high note that made its début along with him. He suggested age by thumping around with a cane, and after his rejuvenation he added other innovations, such as looking appraisingly at Marguerite's house and gazing patronizingly at the spinning wheel (which still is placed twenty feet from the cottage, possibly to intimate that Marguerite was a fine, out-of-doors lassie) as if he wanted to pat it on the head. At that, no one could blame him for inspecting the house like a prospective buyer, for it resembled markedly a classy development dwelling in or about Bronxville.

M. TRANTOUL has a voice that does what he wants it to do, with a far-flung top and a prettily controlled pianissimo. He ought to suit almost everybody,



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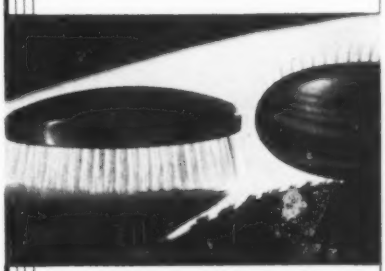

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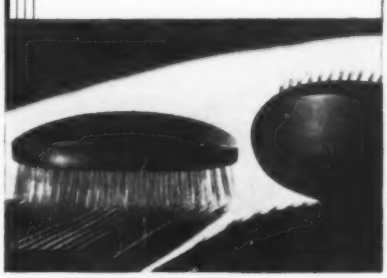

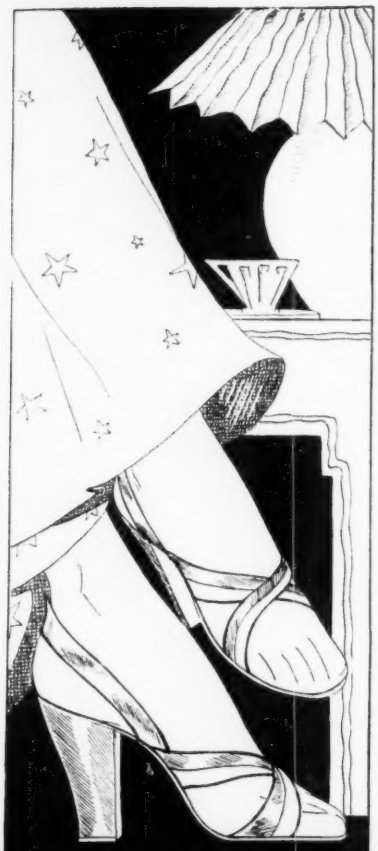

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because he blends French style with good Italian operatics. Miss Fleischer's Marguerite was sung rather than yooped—which may not be news, because Miss Fleischer has made it plain that she still believes in singing. Miss Swarthout, as what Mr. Henderson has labelled so miraculously the "impossible" Siebel, was almost possible; and Mr. Ananian added an unwonted touch of drama with his Wagner. The Mephistopheles of M. Rothier was a long way from hell; Mr. Danise, as Valentin, took his business seriously; and the ever-reliable Mme. Wakefield invested Martha with a gay new gown that made one suspect the old lady was waiting for a boy friend.

All in all, an entertaining show, sometimes unwittingly so.

UP at the Heckscher Theatre, the Little Theatre Opera Company from Brooklyn brought to light "The Daughter of the Regiment" in an English version with new dialogue by the gifted John Alan Haughton and lyrics by some unidentified rhymester who didn't mess up things in the usual manner. After this company's misadventures with Mozart, it came back to safe ground with Donizetti, playing the opera as musical comedy and getting about as many laughs as operas usually get. The interpolation of an allusion to the heroine's being A.W.O.L. and a sequence of "Is that so?"s didn't help greatly, but they generated the idea that this opera might go very well in modern clothes and in current lingo. Page Laurence Stallings.

An unusually competent prima donna was discovered in Susan Fisher, from the Juilliard aviary. She has a charming voice, the relaxation that is essential for good singing, an agreeable stage manner, and plenty of personality. Tab Miss Fisher for future refer-

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"And new business too, I guess."

"You're some thought-reader!"

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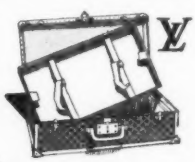

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ence. The others managed their rôles without too much effort.

The first-night audience at the Heckscher is particularly swank, and perhaps one of the patrons might be persuaded to present the company with an orchestra as able as the chorus. William Reddick conducts with skill and energy, but he evidently is handicapped by a band which is still looking for the correct notes.

MOST recent of the interesting revivals at the Jolson is Lehar's "Count of Luxembourg," with some of the more intricate passages excised, but with enough left to strain the abilities of the cast. There is something about the libretti which Lehar sets that does not survive translation —or at least the adaptation shown at the Jolson. The lyrics by Basil Hood and Adrian Ross are mannerly.

"The Count of Luxembourg" is no "Merry Widow," or even a "Gypsy Love," but routine Lehar melodies are better than the best of some of the young men who compose our shows. Some of the music is ticketed with vintage labels and the orchestration suffers from sameness, but the man always was tuneful. The production does not compare with that of "The Chocolate Soldier," yet it serves as a background for a graceful collection of airs.

—R. A. S.

•

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING

I've been to many places
And learned a lot of things
That haven't brought me wisdom
Or engagement rings.

I know that when you ask me
To dance that I will dance;
I can tell the inner meaning
Of your sidelong glance.

That taking little gesture
With which you'd shelter me
Is, in my "Lovers' Guidebook,"
Number one-o-three.

Of course your invitation
To tea at half-past four
Means you and me and cocktails
And a fast-closed door.

I know if I should love you
You soon would pass me by . . . .
I know that these things happen
But I don't know why.

—FRANCES PARK

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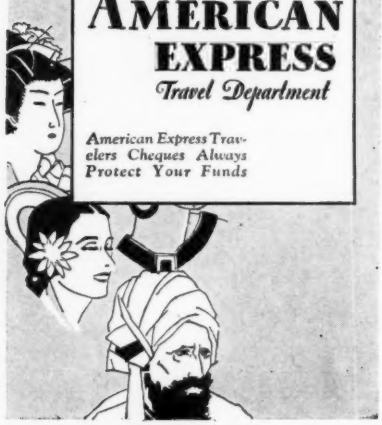


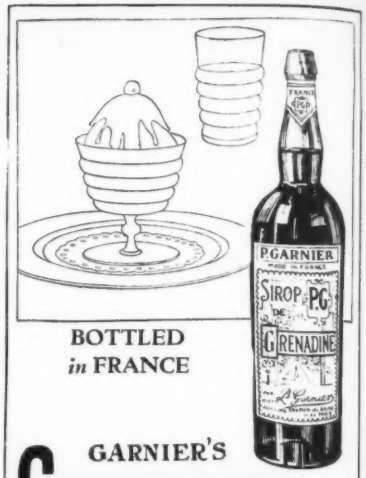
COURT GAMES

A Gentleman's Game—Defaults and Rallies—The Old Guard Takes Up Squash Racquets

AFTER all the grim do-or-die spirit of the professionals in the recent squash-tennis tournament, it is a great relief to turn to the amateurs once more—particularly when Tom Coward is playing, as was the case last week. Next to Fillmore Hyde, Coward is probably the most entertaining player to watch. Whenever he is on the courts he seems to have a gentleman's agreement with his opponent that they will not make each other run around too much. It would be practically impossible to exhaust Coward anyway, for his judgment is so good that it completely eliminates any waste motion. Most of the time he stretches his arm out only at the last moment; his movements look like a series of strangely persistent dying efforts. In his first game with Rowland Haines the other day this worked very well. He led 10–2 before Haines settled down, and with that lead won pretty easily. Coward and Haines play an exceptionally good-humored game. Coward is generally silent, saving his breath for the times when, in spite of himself, he has to do a little running, but the spendthrift Haines emits loud roars every few minutes.

NOT only Haines but all his teammates were successful against the Yale Club, giving Columbia its eleventh straight victory. As a result Columbia is sure to gain the Class A title this year, for no other club has won as consistently.

The effect of this lack of competition has been to lessen interest in the interclub matches. When the Park Avenue Squash Club played the Harvard Club, for example, five matches were defaulted; only two were played. Moreover, one of these, in which Fillmore Hyde defeated F. A. Sieverman, was held at the Harvard Club, as the Park Avenue courts were then filled every day by the Class B tournament, the largest of its sort that has been held. It attracted ninety-four entries this



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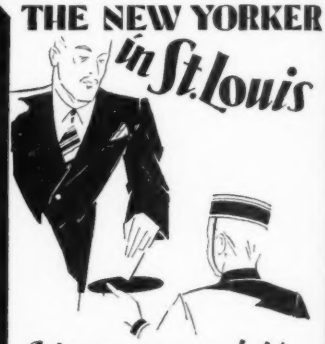

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year. The last four survivors will automatically be ranked in Class A next season, and R. H. Reutter, of the Columbia Club, has a good chance of being one of them. He is heavily built, but surprisingly agile. In the fourth round of the tournament his opponent was R. J. Messer, of the Crescent A. C., a youngster who amused the gallery by grinning happily every time he got the ball on the fly and throwing up his hands with an "O shucks!" every time he hit it into the tin. He gave Reutter quite a battle in the first game, but after that he was generally the first to lose control in long rallies.

BOSTON has just been the scene of great racquets activity, with three Americans, Hewitt Morgan, Stanley Mortimer, and Clarence C. Pell, surviving in the semifinals. Peter Kemp-Welch was the lone Englishman. In New York, however, there is a lull in squash-racquets affairs just now, the match between Princeton and Montclair having been indefinitely postponed. If Montclair wins, it will be tied for first place with the University Club, which has completed its schedule —seven won, two lost. In spite of this present inactivity, great plans are being made for next year. A Metropolitan professional squash-racquets league has been formed, with George Cummings, University coach, as president. It will have tournaments and everything, just like the squash-tennis professionals. Also, believe it or not, the Union League Club is going to take up squash racquets. Following the example of the Junior League, it is having three courts built in its new clubhouse in Park Avenue. Stamped with the approval of the Republican party, the game will have a mean advantage over squash tennis. —G. T. H.

•

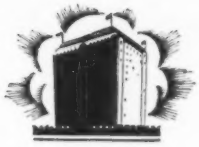
Of late he has taken a deep interest in religion and this, together with his love of the great outdoors, has endeared him in the hearts of the community It was no unusual sight to see him standing on the church steps, drinking in the sun, hatless and coatless, in all kinds of weather. —*Pomeroy (O.) Democrat.*

That's the beauty of it—you don't care *what* the weather is.

•

OSWALD—I'm so unhappy. You musn't be jealous. The man you saw with me at the Majestic is Peter's friend. He says he's on the Riviera to make whoopee. What a strange word!—*London Times.*

No stranger than "musn't."



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All-Star Low Life

IN contriving the story for "Roadhouse Nights," presented to New York via the Paramount, Ben Hecht relied upon the most tried and true ingredients of movie plots, and yet he has managed to put together a tale that seems fresh and bright and new. There are the gentlemen of the press who step unwarily and jauntily into the midst of hijackers and crooks, there are the gangsters, and there are the professional entertainers. These are items the movies love, and which, it must be said, they have shown especial talent in portraying.

The rum-runners, the gang in this case, are located in some small town an hour or so from Chicago, and their principal fastness is a roadhouse which might well command the patronage of the region, as its entertainers consist of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and Helen Morgan. Nor do these celebrities merely appear on occasion and honor us with a "number." Helen Morgan is the lady of the play, our heroine, and she loves and suffers properly, and even, which is not characteristic of her art, does now and then step from that languor of hers, that drowsy effectiveness so much admired, and behave with the briskness required of one beloved by a gangster.

Very good use, too, has been made of Jimmie Durante in the picture. Not only do he and his noted companions sing, but he also enacts a waiter in this formidable inn—one who finds himself much against his will involved in the machinations of the underworld—and in these acting moments he is very funny, with a quieter kind of humor than he is allowed in night clubs or musical shows, and with which he is highly successful. Charles Ruggles is the newspaperman of the story.

TECHNICOLOR has inevitably given a great push to the production of those big costume musical pieces—"with a cast of 2,000." This week it is "The Vagabond King," at the Criterion, with five or six featured players besides the two thousand, including Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald. It is the operetta, you doubtless recall, that was based on

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You shout as Shorty or Slim or Texas Ed swings his ten-gallon sombrero, sticking his knees into the pitching sides of a bronc who'd never before felt the pinch of a cinch.
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CHESTER HALE'S INTERNATIONAL GIRLS
COMPANY OF 200

a bolt from the blue,

or less singularly speaking, the "blues", should lead one immediately to the cheerful confines of

the criterion

to see and hear dennis king in "the vagabond king"... paris before the american invasion, in color, song and story, by paramount, justin huntly mccarthy and rudolf friml.

rivoli—united artists

"the love parade" which has marched up broadway from 44th street ... chevalier, at popular prices, is more attractive than ever.

the rialto

where there's "street of chance" in which william powell shows the thanatopsis and inside straight club a trick or two with paramount taking the pot ... as usual.

the paramounts new york—brooklyn

is "slightly scarlet" ... paramount splashes some continental atmosphere on evelyn brent in melodramatic fashion. at brooklyn, rudy vallee, in voice and the flesh, continues, and at new york, nikita balieff in "chauve souris" abridged.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King."

By and large it has been pretty well done for this sort of thing. Dennis King sings well, there are some rousing —"rousing," I believe, is the word— choruses, and also some rather interesting sets. To my own regret O. P. Heggie did nothing with the part of Louis XI, though history, I suppose, indicates that this Louis was little adapted to the glamour of Technicolor anyhow.

THE English movies are not in a way to gain much foothold or prestige here, but the Empire's latest offering, "White Cargo," at the Cohan, won't bore you. It has a certain honest, straightforward, documentary quality. You may recall the play, which grew histrionic over the love of a young Englishman, sequestered in the wilds of Africa, for a native girl. The problem is possibly more relevant to the English, whose younger sons get run off to these colonial *mésalliances*. Anyhow, this picture soberly presents a study of the disintegration of character in the tropics, with their desolation and remorseless heat, the "dry rot" which pervades everything.

THE three other new pictures are minor things. "Officer O'Brien," with William Boyd, may do if you are in a genial mood. It's about the filial difficulties of a policeman whose father likes to steal. "Chasing Rainbows" ungallantly hides its feeble defects, its long-drawn and tedious backstage story, behind the ample, adequate skirts of Marie Dressler. "Lilies of the Field" murders the sturdy old stage farce, and gives us a preposterous story of the injured wife. —J. C. M.

•

THE OLD

The old need little sleep,
Their time is short;
Wanting the days to creep,
Their sole retort
To vanishing delights
Is watchfulness:
They ravel out the nights
In sleeplessness,
Making them long with thought
And deep with prayer.
The seconds are stretched taut,
The minutes wear
Themselves away, deliberate
And sweetly slow. . . .
The old lie still and wait,
Because they know.

—PATIENCE EDEN

The kind of girl who eats her cake, and still has it: the kind that asks for everything and gives almost nothing

"This is a grand book"
—Gilbert Miller

A HUNGRY YOUNG LADY

By Marian Spitzer

She lunches at the Algonquin (in hopes); she uses Chanel's hundred dollar perfume and her big blue eyes on dramatic critics and producers. She only wants her name in electric lights and her face in the rotogravures. *David Belasco* says: "It is the best story I have read of theatrical life. An interesting and fascinating book."

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OUR CONTRACT-BRIDGE PROBLEMS—VI

NORTH
♠—A-K-Q-J-8-6-4
♡—7-3-2
◇—6
♣—A-K

WEST	EAST
♠—7-5-3	♠—10-9
♡—9-8-6-4	♡—0
◇—0	◇—Q-J-10-9-8-7-5-4
♣—Q-J-9-8-4-3	♣—7-6-5

SOUTH
♠—2
♡—A-K-Q-J-10-5
◇—A-K-3-2
♣—10-2

BOTH sides are vulnerable, but each is just as eager to win the rubber with its reward of five hundred points as if they alone had a game and a chance of making seven hundred points for a two-game rubber. Five hundred points may not be as much as seven hundred—in fact, it is not—but five hundred points at a tenth of a cent a point is certainly five hundred points at a tenth of a cent a point. None of the so-called standard books on contract bridge mention this, but it is a fact, just the same, and subject to proof.

East, the dealer, takes the bit in his teeth and bids one diamond, breathing tensely over his eight cards of that suit. This means nothing in South's life, however. South is all wrapped up in his one hundred and fifty points in honors in hearts, not to mention eight pretty sure tricks. Since he is an ardent student of the bridge theories of the Masters, he knows that eight sure tricks call for a two-trick suit bid. "Two hearts," says South, almost willing to make it three.

This is too steep for West, and he passes. North himself has a hundred honors, which he is not inclined to dismiss lightly, but even more strongly does he see the no-trump possibilities of his hand, in view of South's strong heart bid. Fortunately, North has studied the same bridge book as South, so that he too appreciates the significance of a two-trick suit bid. If South has eight sure tricks—indicated by the emphatic way in which he said "*Two* hearts;" if South had only six or seven sure tricks, he would have spoken more mildly—North feels sure that one or two of them are outsiders, and the likelihood is that they are in East's suit, diamonds, since North himself holds the toppers in the other suits, spades and clubs. Besides, North has a count of seventeen in his hand, as well as two suits other than his partner's stopped, and he knows that this holding justifies a bid of three no trump over his partner's bid. In little more than twice the time it takes to tell it, North reasons this out. He bids three no trump with a happy smile, as one who has just worked out a difficult problem in integral calculus.

East says "Pass," very meekly, but South is not through. He still has an eye on his hundred and fifty points in honors. If North can bid game in no trump, he (South) can bid game in hearts. "Four hearts," snaps South, with an impatient look at his partner. But North gaily considers this the chance of a lifetime to do something in a big way in no trump, and he bids six no trump without a tremor. "Seven hearts," shouts South, determined to play the hand at any cost. "Seven no trump," returns his partner with a smile, and South finally makes up his mind to withhold comment—until the completion of the hand.

EAST leads his nine of diamonds, and the dummy is spread. At sight of its ace and king of diamonds—the cards for which he had prayed—and the six certain tricks in hearts, North releases a sigh of great relief. With seven sure tricks in spades, six sure tricks in hearts, two sure tricks in diamonds, and two more sure tricks in clubs—making a total of seventeen sure tricks, even North, who is notorious for his ability to mess up a cast-iron hand, cannot fail to make the grand slam which he bid. He does so with great gusto, not even permitting his adversaries to concede their cards, so great is his pleasure in taking thirteen tricks one at a time. North takes the last trick with his king of clubs, and lights a cigarette.

"How was that, partner?" he crows happily. "Not so bad, eh?"

"I don't know why you always have to hog the bidding that way," is South's truculent response. "You're not the only one on our side. I am in this game, too, you know. You go and insist on a no-trump contract when I had a hundred and fifty honors in hearts. Lot of good they were!"

"But my dear fellow," replies North benevolently, still in the glow of his magnificent performance, "we made a grand slam, and that's fifteen hundred points, you know, since we were vulnerable. Quite a bit more than

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your hundred and fifty honors, don't you think? Oh, quite a bit more, I'm sure!"

"Well, what of it? We could have made a grand slam in hearts, too. The fifteen hundred is all right, but we might as well have had the one hundred and fifty, too."

"I'm not so sure you would have made a grand slam in hearts."

"Why not? Think you're so much better than I am, I suppose."

"Not at all, not at all." North feels that he can afford to be indulgent. "West had a short in diamonds. If the hand had been played in hearts, East would have led a diamond and West would have trumped your ace and you would have been down one trick before you started."

"Applesauce!" replies South, disrespectfully. "If I had won the bid, West, not East, would have led first, and I would have taken the first trick, regardless of the card he led. And I would have taken all the other tricks, too! You just cut us out of a hundred and fifty points extra; that's all. You're always trying to hog the bid. And you know it, too!"

"Well, we made a grand slam and the rubber," says North amicably. "That's not so bad, is it? You wouldn't turn it down?"

"No, and I wouldn't turn down an extra hundred and fifty, either!" South has the last word, and is somewhat mollified. —JOHN C. EMERY

•

SPEAKING OF SKIRTS

I should be glad to do some dirt
To him who first devised the shirt.
I should delight to drown the lout
Who doped the first suspenders out.
I should enjoy hamstringing him
Whose taste was so malignly grim
That he could fashion leather shoes
For humans with soft toes to use.
And as for him who first decreed
That human beings had to need
An outer *and* an under wear,
I'd bite him if I were a bear.
Why should so many layers be
Required to give us dignity?
If you would like to hear my thesis
It's this: though I were rich as Croesus
And able to buy ninety suits,
Five sable coats, three hundred boots,
Two hundred socks with ties to match,
Could I escape the booby hatch?
I'm sane. I say and say again,
Let us have one-piece clothes for men.

—RICHARD PECKHAM

THE ART GALLERIES

The Prodigal Dealers —And Some Tyros

IN no other field of art is there so much that is free. Every note that is played, regardless of worth, reaps its royalty; every written word pays in some kind for its dissemination. Paintings, however, can be seen for nothing. All you have to do is to go in any of the sixty-odd emporiums, heated, lighted, and run for your enjoyment. This winter has been especially rich in its offerings.

THE Valentine Gallery presents six major paintings by the four modern masters of France—Braque, Matisse, Derain, Picasso—and one by Rousseau. The show has all the intensity of any that is selected with a definite idea and is devoid of those mistakes that go with a wholesale exhibition. In the seven subjects presented there is enough fine art to last you a good many months. In fact there is one picture that we feel would suffice if you were cast up on the desert island. It is the jungle picture of Rousseau, "Le Tigre et Le Rhinocéros." You could search the world and not find as much fine accomplishment and as pure a spirit contained in a like area. See the picture many times and induct yourself into that quality (needlessly intangible to so many) that is great art.

Another high spot is "Les Trois Sœurs" of Matisse, never before shown here. It is a great example of a period he has long since abandoned, and hence a fine record of a vital growth. One of the Picasso still-lifes, "Nature Morte," has never been here before. The other, "La Statuaire," is one of those feats of simplification that make artists rave. It is not so much for the layman, however, as "Nature Morte," a still-life of solid abstraction. The Derain is the familiar "Le Joueur de Cornemuse," a subject from the poetic phase which contains much of the fine certainty of this master, but it is not as interesting to us as his study of trees at the Modern Museum, finally brought out of the closet and hung where it belongs.

Of the Braques, "Pichet, Citrons et Serviette" is as fine a picture as we have seen from him in many days. Simple and dignified, it has a power that does not always go with his splayed-out compositions.

This is a thrilling show, and highly concentrated.

THIS time the master, Alfred Stieglitz, passes judgment over the young things who are forever trying. The fifth Opportunity exhibition at the Art Center was selected by him and clearly shows his mark. He did some weeding out and kept to a few hopefuls, rather than opening the portals wide. It makes a better show—for the witness if not for the beginners. We liked the painter quality of Arch Bongé in his still-life No. 2. Daniel R. Celentano is an apt pupil of Benton. Dorothy Eisner has a fine achievement in her "The Zoo." One of the best of the lot was the "Apple Tree" of Cipe Pineles, an intense Rousseau handling of honest naïveté. Paula Rosen has some nice color and Homer E. Ellertson does the Demuth sort of thing fairly well.

HERE AND THERE: Allan Clark has his adroit wood sculptures of New Mexican subjects at Wildenstein's. . . . Helen Hackett announces her second show of the timid Irish painters. . . . Thelma Wood is exhibiting silver-points at the Milch Galleries until March 1. . . . The Educational Alliance has a very mixed show of painters at its rooms, 197 East Broadway. . . . The Lucy Lamar Galleries are exhibiting drawings by Casey Roberts until March 2. . . . The Phillips Memorial Gallery has a group of "lyric painters" for March. . . . A collection of George Biddle drawings are being shown at Esther Markham's, 19 West Eighth Street. —M. P.

•

Dear Sir: As I this minute received a letter wanting me to send and get the book called "The Way Past the Editor," I decided to write you and tell you I am not going to write any more stories as I have taken up embroidery work. —*Letter to the Author & Journalist.*

A stitch in time saves nine rejection slips, lady.

•

The first rule says that the parish priests and preachers on given occasions, following the example of St. Paul, should beseech women to wear clothes which reveal a sense of modesty.—*The Times.*

The Pope knows they won't be happy unless they reveal *something*.

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THE SKY LINE

Architects in Review—
Modern But Quiet—
The Black Sheep

THE past weeks have opened the season for architectural shows, and so far as we are concerned first place must go to the forty-fifth annual exhibition of the Architectural League, at the Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh Street until March 2.

The gold medal this year went to the Chicago firm of Holabird & Root for excellence in the design of tall buildings. Theirs is an impressive exhibit. We were somewhat disappointed, however, in the showing of the mural painters. This art, so closely allied to architecture, seems to have gone livid this year. When we saw the black-and-white reproductions of Boardman Robinson's decorations for the Kaufman store in Pittsburgh, we were prepared to enjoy the murals themselves, but we could not muster any praise for the sample panel at the League. Color, we feel, need not adhere to any ancient ideal of "tonal harmony" or to any scheme that is so old-fashioned as to be merely agreeable, but isn't decoration going a bit wide of its mark when it becomes downright disturbing? Suzanne Miller's design, which received an honorable mention, has a graceful elegance which detained us in spite of its tonal biliousness. It was impossible to tell much about D. Putnam Brinley's decoration, "Brooklyn, Past, Present, and Future," for the composition was represented only by a small-scale cartoon. Sculpture is shown sparingly. The Avery Prize for small examples of this art went to A. T. Stewart's "Leda," a neat performance pleasantly different from the usual fountain-figures of small boys and turtles which, as ever, abound.

ASIDE from many really fine exhibits in architecture we got the most pleasure from the brilliant perspectives and renderings of Ernest Born. His drawings are always thrilling, but when he lets himself go in full color, as he did in the water colors of bridges executed for Gehron & Ross, he strikes magnificent chords. Back of his virtuosity is draughtsmanship, swift and sure.

It is always pleasant to feel that one has discovered something, and we had that sensation as we studied E. W. Du Buque's tiny "Decorative Motive for a Swimming Pool." It is tucked away in a corner, but if you search out No. 209 you will be repaid.

THE League has also been holding another one-man show—of the sculpture of Lee Lawrie—in its own building at 115 East Fortieth Street. Details of the Nebraska State Capitol occupy most of one wall; elsewhere are important examples of his adornments for buildings in Washington. The absence of titles on the photographs—splendid ones, incidentally—left us without much definite information, but the important point was that the average of excellence was high.

ANYONE interested in modern architecture applied to shops should visit the new McCreery Arcade, which leads from Fifth Avenue to the store. Designed by Starrett & Van Vleck, it is ingenious and attractive. The black marble framing of the entrance is simple. Into the polished surfaces of the marble are led the main lines of the metalwork, interrupted at emphatic points by graceful fan shapes and terminating in spearheads. The arcade is divided in wide bays by piers finished in a dark gray marble veined with white, delicately fluted on the inner face. The only break in the plain surfaces is that made by the cornice and beamwork, in which concealed lights radiate through translucent glass and from reflecting metal covers. The design as a whole is refreshingly restrained and free from the arbitrary freakishness that ruins so many attempts to be modern.

WE have been somewhat distressed, for opposing reasons, by two of the newly finished buildings. One stands at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street. Our aesthetic objection to this is that it already looks old-fashioned. Certainly the lavish use of cartouches, colonnettes, and broken pediments is not the last word in applied design. The other intrusion on our artistic peace is also in Fortieth Street, at its intersection with Lexington Avenue. Here the fault seems to lie in too close an observance of the letter of the setback law. Above the first recession there is no evidence of invention or feeling. The whole design is dry and uninteresting, and the adjustment of the Lexington Avenue entrance to the fenestration above is far from happy.

—T-SQUARE

LA BELLE SAISON

THE unseasonable warmth. The sunshine. The low-comedy wind, probably full of germs, but rather exciting. The almost disembodied feeling of going without a fur coat. The streets full of the most delightful people. The window displays which strike you as being singularly attractive. The feeling that on a day like this you ought to do something important. The impulse to get a new hat. The impulse to get a new dress and shoes and gloves to go with it. The painful knowledge that in your present holiday humor you might buy almost anything and live to regret it. The prudent decision to call up a few friends and see what they can suggest.

The drugstore. The telephone booth. The girl who has a slight cold and doesn't dare go out because of the dust. The girl who is having a few people in for bridge and would be glad if you'd join them. The effort to convince yourself that you don't depend on other people for your enjoyment. The vague nostalgic urge that drives you to seek salt water. The slightly unbalanced decision to hurry down to the Battery and go for a ferryboat ride.

The Elevated trip which is very murky. The pushcarts. Mott Street. The decorative strings of laundry. The grisly view of second and third-floor windows. Battery Park. The sunshine. The gulls. The pigeons. The harbor, very blue and romantic. The skyline which is giving an exceptionally fine performance. The breeze, exhilarating but rather chilly. The ship coming in, you hope from the Orient. The man who says dully that it must be the boat from Providence. The Staten Island ferry which looks less attractive than you had imagined. The splendid little craft just going out to the Statue of Liberty. The resolutely adventurous feeling with which you go on board.

THE deck which is cold. The cabin which is stuffy. The red-haired young man who insists on trying to sell you objects of art and souvenir postcards. His suggestion that an Eskimo Pie is very refreshing. The sudden feeling of intense boredom. The passionate longing to be at home with a cigarette and some light reading. The unceremonious departure from the slip. The passing tugboat. Your regrettable lack of interest in New York shipping. The man and girl who are having a lovely time on the bench across from you. The depressed irritation with which, when alone, you view such spectacles. The man with the guitar who suddenly begins to play "O Sole Mio." Your dislike of that tune which is one of your minor complexes. The red-haired young man who offers to show you Ellis Island. His joy and pride in pointing out the Aquitania just back from Europe. The morbid thought that you'll probably never go anywhere again except in a ferryboat. The mood in which a weaker nature might begin to think of suicide.

The arrival at the Statue. The soldiers. The barracks. Your profound hatred for all large, complacent women who persist in looking noble. The red-haired young man who says reproachfully that she is very handsome and that he'll sell you a fine reproduction for fifty cents.

The increasing cold. The twilight. The return trip enlivened by a rendition of "Old Black Joe" and "La Paloma." The landing. The darkness. The wind which is now icy. The convulsive shivering. The dash for the subway. The crowded train. The express stop. The struggle. The debarkation. The conviction that you've caught a cold and maybe pneumonia. The relief of getting back to your own apartment. The hot bath. The tea. The slowly reviving spirits. The telephone call and the invitation to play bridge this evening. The cordial acceptance. The definite cheerfulness. The comforting thought that whatever the weather does from now on, you probably won't be affected this way again until next year.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

Clad in a natty suit of blue material and his pitch black hair that is ruffled in little waves slicked back from his brows and forehead that bear no marks of a brilliant series of ring conquests none would suspect, unless he were certain of records stamped indelibly into the records of prize ring achievements that the man whose effervescent boyishness is the principal support for the sketch written by Willard Mack could muster the venom to slay giants of the ring like Willard, Firpo and Brennan.—*Harry Bullion in the Detroit Free Press.*

Maybe it should be read backwards.

•

DRIVING Chevrolet to Tampa, Fla. Wednesday, Thursday. Desire passenger. —*The Times.*

And, may we add, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and maybe Monday?

handwritten at

REUBEN'S

As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

florence reed:

Florence Reed.

It's more than a Shanghai gesture when Florence Reed takes her chinese food via Reubenola . . . it's a peek in Paradise. Damn clever, these chinese chefs at Reubens. Ask Mother Goddam, she knows.

richard bennett:

I wrote a poem once about myself it floated to the sky - It hit a star fell back to Earth but a national institution from a sandwich - that's all

Richard Bennett

One of America's great actors is Richard Bennett. It is almost sacrilege to mention it in the same breath, but Mr. Bennett's favorite dish is Reuben's Virginia ham club style . . . but it's a delicate subject.

louis sobol:

Louis Sobol

Your Broadway and the graphic Mr. Sobol's is the street they use when they're going up, it has been said. And whether they use Sixth Ave. or Tenth Ave. coming down, Mr. Sobol has discovered the reason they want to go *up* Broadway at all is to get to Reubens. (Mr. McGuire please note.)

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RECENT BOOKS

Unveiling Heroes, Including Beelzebub—Thornton Wilder in B. C.—Broadway Lady

THE passion of the reading public for biography has set the publishing world into a regular Dance of the Seven Veils; every week new heroes are unveiled and left without a decent inhibition to call their own. This week, for instance, we have the life story of Richard Canfield; another volume of the diary of Tolstoy's wife, with further disturbing revelations about the saint of Yasnaya Polyana; a book devoted to the love affairs of Honoré de Balzac; and a biography of no less a person than the very Devil himself.

Of all these, "Canfield," by Alexander Gardiner, is the best reading. Mr. Gardiner has not tried to make Canfield a pretentious or even a very mysterious figure, but he uses the gambler and art collector as the central personage in some excellent reporting of New York's gay life in a glittering era. Those who enjoy the comedy of municipal clowning will find plenty of amusement in Mr. Gardiner's stories of the "reform" waves that beat around the imperturbable head of "His Reverence." It was at a time when he was urgently wanted by William Travers Jerome that Canfield grandly sailed for Europe to sit for what was to be James Whistler's last portrait.

To slightly aging sentimentalists, the book offers a glorious opportunity to cry over the sad decay of a city that replaced a Canfield by a Rothstein. Mr. Canfield lived a life of drawing-room melodrama and the dangers and violences that surrounded him were gaudy without being brusque. Although some of his cronies fell in evil days, the art of taking 'em for a ride wasn't commonly practiced. Mr. Canfield himself met with almost a natural death; he died as the result of a fall down the subway steps.

THE biography, "The Devil," is the work of two Frenchmen, Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon. The authors trace Satan from the time when he was a mere serpent and nothing but a vulgar home-wrecker, and follow him to his present unhappy state where he has degenerated into indigestion or a psychic disorder. The Devil was at his best during the Middle Ages when he was feared and respected by everyone and treated seriously by both Church and State. The authors, in the name of scholarly research, dig up some old descriptions of really good satanic parties given during the centuries when the Devil was riding high.

According to the final chapters of the book, modern psychology recognizes the illusion of demoniac seizure. This form of hysteria that once meant a gala execution, with general holiday for the pious, now may be banished by a few words from a psychiatrist.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE's "Balzac" is mostly a narration of Honoré's amatory adventures. Balzac spent considerable valuable time looking for a Grand Passion, but he achieved nothing but a series of literary escapades and an uncertain number of illegitimate children. Mr. Gribble's book seems to prove nothing except that Balzac cut rather a poor figure as a lover. There was something rather comic in his efforts to persuade Mme. Hanska to make an honest man of him.

Like most literary men, he was a second-rate romantic hero. Because he wrote both subtly and warmly about women, he attracted those inevitable ladies who go in for the luxury of having their emotions catalogued for them. Some of the letters from women whom he never knew, but who selected him as their confidant, are amazing revelations of the feminine ego. The book doesn't pretend to be an authoritative volume on Balzac as a novelist but it is a lively, although one-sided, portrait.

"THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE"—this new volume is devoted to the later years of her life—continues the monotonous, plaintive journal of a woman who could not be the Kitty of "Anna Karenina" or the Natasha Rostova of "War and Peace." Her story is almost as unfortunate as the life of Minna Wagner, although Sophie was, her own estimate to the contrary, superior to Richard's first wife.

Sophie's journal seems primarily an outlet for her bitterness. She, too, had an urge for self-expression—an unfortunate thing for the wife of a genius. Her diary of these later years is full of disillusionment and she has some hard things to say of "Lev," for instance: "In that Christianity, the martyrdom was mine, not his," and "To seek truth simply to astound the public—that should not be done."

The wives of geniuses should not learn to read and write.

A BOOK by Thornton Wilder is no great event in my life, but since I am in the minority, I must record that "The Woman of Andros" is a story of a village tragedy set in the lovely background of an Aegean Island some time in the first century, B. C. The Woman of Andros is Chrysis, a courtesan, who troubles the rustic serenity of the village youths by giving banquets and reciting poetry to them after dinner. Chrysis has a sister and one of her followers falls in love with the girl, with the usual social and biological consequences.

To me, Mr. Wilder's fine writing has just a whiff of the selfconscious beauty of ye gifte book. Also his air of affecting classic simplicity to conceal possible immense profundities baffles and worries me.

"JUDGE AND FOOL" is a greater achievement. It is a translation from the German of Altalena (Vladimir Jabotinsky) and it is the Old Testament story of Samson elaborated into a novel. Don't run away! This Samson is neither a grand-opera hero nor a sample of the literary taxidermist's art, but as real and vital a person as you would find in any novel. Instead of picturing the usual strong man dazzled by a weak woman, Jabotinsky creates an intricate character who was both a roisterer and a puritan, an ascetic and a libertine. Delilah seduced him, not by sitting on a couch and singing "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," but because, after a series of experiences with inferior women, an intelligent woman was naturally disastrous.

A LIGHT novel about Broadway, "A Hungry Young Lady," is more than usually shrewd. Its heroine is an attractive dimwit who cannot get along in the theatre because she won't pay the price. That's her story. As a jab at young women who use virtue as an excuse for plain lack of ability, Marian Spitzer's novel is amusing and none too gentle. —A. W. S.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

JUDGE AND FOOL, by Altalena (Vladimir Jabotinsky) (*Liveright*). The story of Samson and Delilah made into an unusually fine novel.

A HUNGRY YOUNG LADY, by Marian Spitzer (*Liveright*). Smart dig at stage-struck ladies.

AUSTRALIA FELIX, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

BITTER WATERS, by Heinrich Hauser (*Liveright*). The love story of a German sailor and a Mexican girl told in vivid, powerful prose.

PAY DAY, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

BACKWATER, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which the conventional southern theme is treated with charm and humor.

PURE GOLD, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

FREE, by Blair Niles (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another melodrama of life in Guiana.

EX-MISTRESS, Anonymous (*Brentano*). Just what you'd think.

THE GOOD SOLDIER: SCHWEIK, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

THE HIDDEN CITY, by Philip Gibbs (*Doubleday, Doran*). A doctor explores the psychic underworld of London. Bitter picture of current English discontent.

IRON MAN, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

MOTHERS CRY, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

CORONET, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

Mysteries

ANYBODY'S PEARLS, by Hulbert Footner (*Crime Club*). . . . MENACE TO MRS. KERSHAW, by Austen Allen (*Harper*). . . . THE MYSTERY OF A BUTCHER'S SHOP, by Gladys Mitchell (*Dial Press*). . . . THE MYSTERY MAKER, by Austin J. Small (*Crime Club*). . . . BETRAYAL, by A. E. and H. C. Walter (*Dutton*). . . . THE DEATH MASK, by Arthur Applin (*Duffield*). . . . MURDER OFF BROADWAY, by Leonard Falkner (*Holt*). . . . IT WALKS BY NIGHT, by John Dickson Carr (*Harper*). . . .RA-TA-PLAN—!, by Dorothy Ogburn (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE MILLION POUND DEPOSIT, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . .BY WAY OF CONFESSION, by Robert Gore Browne (*Crime Club*). . . . MURDER AT HIGH TIDE, by Charles G. Booth (*Morrow*). . . . THE ROOM WITH THE IRON SHUTTERS, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*). . . . MURDER ON THE PALISADES, by Will Levinrew (*McBride*).

General

CANFIELD, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER, by Francis Gribble (*Dutton*). Mostly concerned with his love affairs.

THE DEVIL, by Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon (*Dutton*). The true story of Satan, tracing his career from a serpent to a neurosis.

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE, translated by Alexander Werth (*Payson & Clarke*). The plaintive journal of the wife of a genius. This volume contains the records from 1891 to 1897.

ESCAPE, by Francesco Nitti (*Putnam*). A victim of the Fascisti writes of his life as a political prisoner. Exciting, but don't let the Duce catch you reading it.

TEN THOUSAND SHALL FALL, by David King (*Duffield*). Heroic tale of a soldier of the Legion. Be sure to read the story of the siege of Verdun.

TIGER! TIGER!, by Honoré Willsie Morrow (*Morrow*). Entertaining biography of John B. Gough, one of the few prohibitionists who ever had delirium tremens.

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION, by John Goldstrom (*Macmillan*). Concise and untechnical story of air travel.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1777-1781 (Vol. III), by Rupert Hughes (*Morrow*). More of Mr. Hughes' sprightly biography. And some of the best descriptions of Revolutionary battles you have ever read.

LINCOLN, by Emil Ludwig (*Little, Brown*). In which Mr. Ludwig says all there is to say. Naturally you'll read it.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

HANNA, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

•

WATERBURY, Conn., Feb. 1.—A legal opinion concerning a dead horse, contained in a letter written by the Chief Justice of the United States, William Howard Taft, was received here today by Elia Kapeliowitz, a jung man, who said that it was utterly unsatisfactory.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Oh, he can go eat a freud egg.

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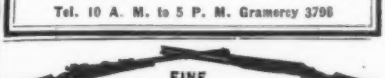
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Up go the week-end bags and the golf clubs into the locker. Mother settles down in the snug and comfortable passenger cockpit behind the curved wind deflector. The Wright-Gipsy engine begins to hum . . . and they're off. Skimming down the lane for 100 yards—no need for a huge landing field with a Moth—across the lawn for 50 more. Then, with that last little bubble of a skip that means emancipation—they pat the ground goodbye and climb 500 feet a minute into the sunset!

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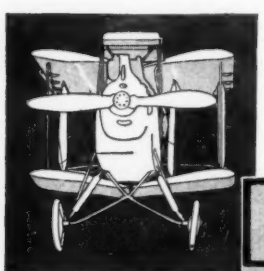

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